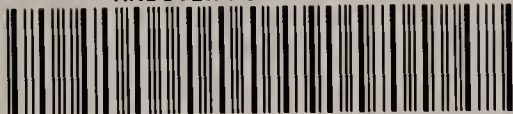




My
THREE YEARS
AT ANDOVER

EWER, TRULY



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My three years at Andover

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MY
THREE YEARS
AT
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BY
EWER STRULY

1908
MAYHEW PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON.

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BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

MY
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CONTENTS

First Year.

	PAGE
I. UNTRIED WATERS—AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION - - - - -	I
II. EL DORADO—A POUND OF CURE - -	8
III. MY FIRST MORNING CHAPEL - - -	20
IV. MY FIRST AND LAST RACE - - -	26
V. AUNT HATTIE'S - - - - -	31
VI. THE EXETER GAME - - - - -	37
VII. IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP - - - - -	47
VIII. EXIT MY ROOM-MATE - - - - -	53
IX. CHARLIE FIELDING AGAIN.—MY "BENT"	59

Second Year.

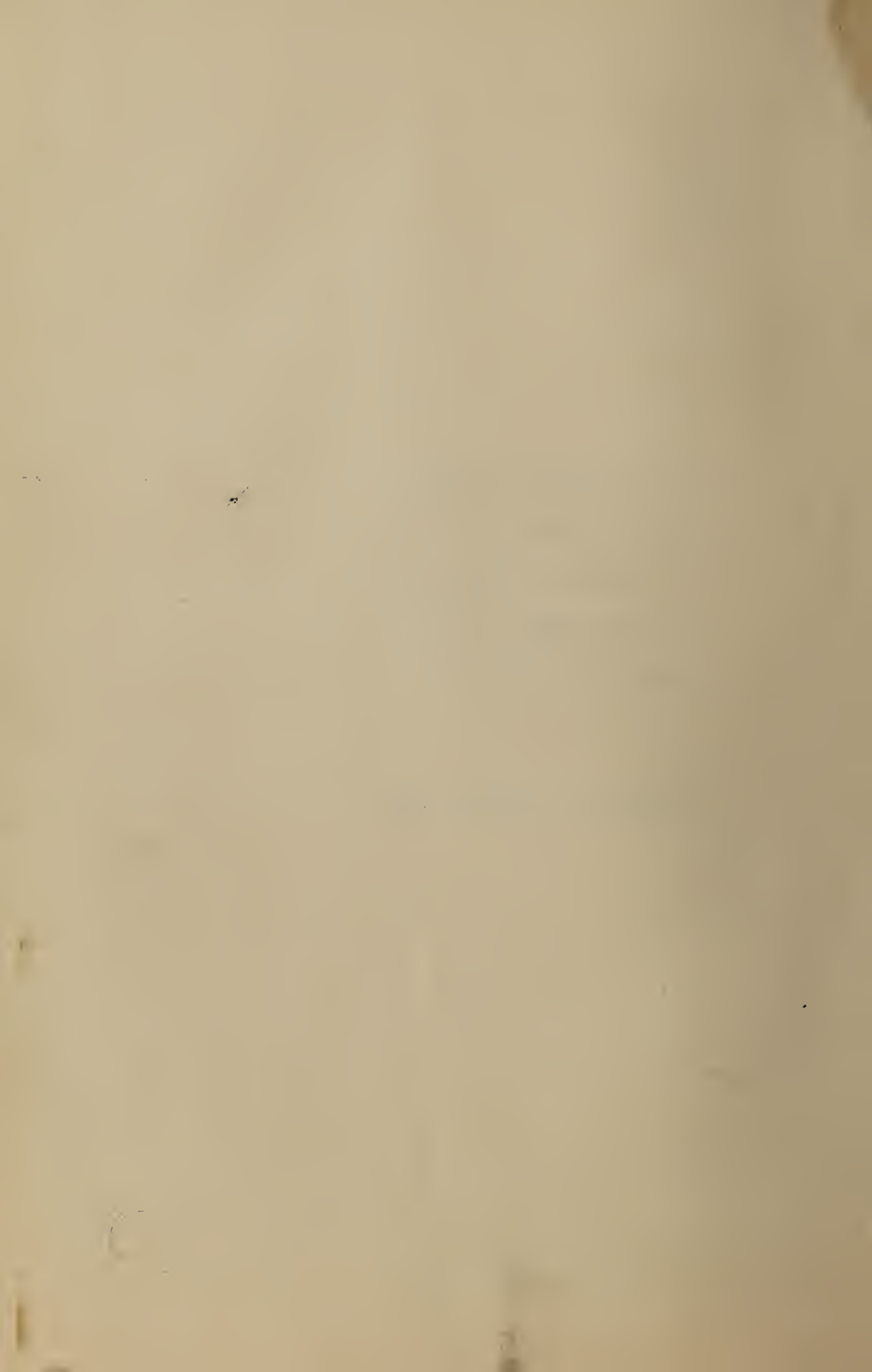
I. THE NEW CROWD - - - - -	63
II. THE FEM. SEMS. - - - - -	71
III. THINGS BEGIN TO COME MY WAY - - -	80
IV. REAL PAGES FROM A REAL DIARY - - -	88
V. MORE SCRAPES - - - - -	94

Third Year.

I. MY NEW ROOM-MATE—TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR - - - - -	100
II. THE "CLASS GAME" - - - - -	108
III. DR. BANCROFT'S DEATH - - - - -	113
IV. THE ANDOVER VERSION - - - - -	117
V. FAREWELL TO ANDOVER - - - - -	131

*To my old room-mates G.
R., L. D. and F. O'B.,
in kindly remembrance
of our happy days to-
gether in Andover.*

"'Laudator temporis acti.'"



My Three Years at Andover.

First Year.

I.

UNTRIED WATERS—AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

*“What sighs have been wafted after that ship,
What prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of
home!”*

Irving.

ON a certain memorable day in the summer of 189— my father told me I was to complete my college preparation at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts; and from that moment life took on brighter colors for me.

For two years I had been attending the local high school, from which I had managed to assimilate most that is objectionable in the co-educational system, with few of its benefits. As my father declared, there had been “altogether too much of the girl proposition” for the best development of my character. This was especially true, as I was then passing through that awkward, susceptible period in which a boy falls desperately and promiscuously in love, and takes to long hair, sighing, and resplendent socks. I was at this time fifteen years old, a few inches above five feet in height, and of slender stature. In high-school fashion I wore my hair excessively long and parted in the middle. In a contest to try who could endure without strangulation the highest collar, I

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

had come off gloriously successful; and from that day I was never to be seen unincased in a starched, three-and-one-quarter-inch emblem of my haberdasherial superiority. It was also the fashion in that year to wear tightly-fitting trousers; and the tightness of mine was limited only by the possibility of embarrassing exclusion from them.

Such were my outward characteristics; my pursuits were of a kind. I was torn between a craving to be a lion among the ladies and the wish to be a "cut-up" among the boys. On the one hand I faced the pleasant pains of love; on the other the perils of a surreptitious cigarette behind the school building. Like every high school Corydon I had my Phillis — an imperious charmer some three years my senior — to whom I sent flowers, wrote letters, and paid my respects several times a week, and from whom I besought pictures and sofa-cushions. We went tobogganing together, skating, driving, dancing, walking; — in short, we ran the whole gamut of courtship with never a doubt (on my part, at least) that we were one day to stand together before the hymeneal altar.

It is hard for me now to show mercy to this sorry youth — this boy of the pre-Andover days; I am loath to admit him father of the man. And yet he was not altogether bad. If there be soundness in a strong sense of honor and a deep affection for father and mother, then he was sound enough at heart. And looking back, at this day, he realizes that his incalculable debt of gratitude

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

to that father and mother was doubled when they sent him from home to learn those lessons which a boy can learn only at the hands of his fellows, in the wholesome, bracing atmosphere of a great American Academy.

One Monday morning, toward the end of September, Father and I set out for Andover. Reaching Boston about four o'clock in the afternoon, we drove across the city to the North Station. It was my first glimpse of Boston, and I remember wondering, as I gazed through the jolting window, how I should ever retrace that tortuous route. We were soon aboard our new train and rattling on toward Andover. After each stop I listened eagerly for the brakeman's cry in the hope that ours might be the next. Wyoming, Melrose, Melrose Highlands, Malden, Reading,— the intervening stations seemed innumerable. At length —

"Lowell Junction!" called the brakeman. "Change for Tewkesbury and Lowell. Do not leave any articles in the car!"

"Now we are nearing Andover, I believe," remarked my father.

In a few moments the brakeman again appeared.

"Ballardvale! Ballardvale!" he called with rising and falling intonation.

Father was now peering out into the darkness. "Do you see those lights?" he asked presently.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Following the direction of his finger, I perceived far away in the darkness the twinkling of a few faint lights. "Yes," I answered.

"That is the Academy."

Soon there came once more the familiar slam of iron gates and the door again opened.

"Andover! Andover!"

With wildly beating heart, I arose and followed Father out upon the little station platform, where we were shown to a cab driven by a middle-aged Irishman known to the boys of that day as "Murph."

In one corner I noticed a tall young fellow with his suit case beside him.

"Going to Andover?" he asked in a cheery voice.

"Yes," I replied.

"So am I. My name is Fielding."

"Mine is Struly." And we shook hands. I little thought, as we climbed slowly the long Main Street hill, into what intimacy this first acquaintance would one day ripen.

At length we stopped before the old inn — the "Mansion House" it was then — and Father and I at once hastened up-stairs to remove from our persons what we could of the Boston & Maine road-bed.

When we came down to supper, the dining room was crowded. At one table in a corner sat half a dozen boys talking and laughing together —

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

evidently "old fellows." With them, at that moment being introduced by a friend, was Fielding; and I reflected a little enviously that I might have made one of that company, had I been alone.

But when I glanced about at the other tables, I was instantly ashamed of the thought. For at each one sat a "new fellow," surrounded by his entire family — father, mother, sisters, brothers, with a sprinkling of aunts. The poor objects of all this solicitude looked indescribably uncomfortable, and stole furtive glances of timid envy at the laughing table in the corner. My own condition was so infinitely superior to theirs, that I forgot my envy of the careless freedom of the "old fellows" in my pity for these others. I have no wish to deprecate parental concern, but I think there is no misery more abject than that of the new boy paraded by his fond family en masse, before the smiles of the "old fellows."

After supper Father and I strolled out across the old "Elm Walk" of the Theological Campus. Neither of us spoke for some minutes.

"My boy," said Father at length, "there are a few things I want to say to you now, while we have time and quiet, and which I hope you will take thoroughly to heart before the hurly-burly of school life begins. The strong man is he who is ready for an emergency when it comes; he has clearly defined his principles beforehand, so that when he is suddenly called upon to make a choice,

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

there is no wavering, no doubting; he decides unerringly because there is no alternative for him — one way is right, the others are wrong. The weak man is he who says to himself: ‘What’s the use of bothering about this now? I’ll wait till the occasion arises before making up my mind; circumstances alter cases.’ And with such a man circumstances *do* alter cases till his moral sense becomes blunted. Decide for yourself while the waters are calm what precautions you will take when the tempest arises. Don’t be without oil in your lamp. A man with firm principles is like a theatre with an abundance of emergency exits: when the fire comes, there is no fatal stampede.

“I want you to be a strong man and to formulate definite principles for yourself. Let me make a few suggestions.

“Whenever a question arises in school regarding some action of the authorities, side with the authorities every time! Don’t be found among the kickers. Just remember that the faculty have been dealing with boys like you longer than you have lived; that they know everything about running the school, while you know nothing; and that everything they do is for your best interests.

“As to your own conduct, I am not going to tell you what you ought and what you ought not to do. That is for you to determine. Up till now, I have forbidden you to do many things without, to be sure, always explaining why; but if you have not by this time learned to know

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

instinctively what is wrong and what is right, my labors have been in vain. I want you to be above all things a Christian gentleman. What I mean by that you ought to know in a general way. I need not repeat the ten commandments to you, or caution you against those sins which the law punishes. But I wish to remind you of two things. First — a Christian gentleman does not use, or listen to, indecent language. I don't want you to be squeamish, but I do want you to be clean and wholesome. Secondly — a Christian gentleman never stoops to slander. For heaven's sake, don't be one of those narrow spirits who are always 'knocking.' If you have a difference with your neighbor, have it out with him face to face; and no matter how little you relish a fellow, try in speaking of him always to lay the stress on his good qualities."

By this time we had returned to the Mansion House. My father had never been of an emotional nature; but on this evening, when he left me at my door he held me firmly by both shoulders, and looking straight into my eyes as if to read my very soul, said "Good night, my dear son, and God bless you!"

II.

EL DORADO — A POUND OF CURE.

*"It is the land of promise, teeming with
Everything of which his childhood has heard."
Irving.*

PHILLIPS ACADEMY — or "Andover" as it is always called and as I shall hereafter speak of it — presents no imposing expanse of architectural triumphs; but to my mind any present lack of brick and mortar facilities is amply atoned for by its century and a quarter of unbroken traditions. During its history the school has outgrown and outworn its first four buildings, and the time is near at hand when it must abandon its present quarters.

The main building at this time (before measures of safety necessitated the removal of the upper story) was a spacious, square edifice of brick and stone, three stories in height, with gambrel roof and bell-tower. Here, for forty years, quickly passing school generations have crowded in for morning chapel services to the mellow ringing of the old bell; have laughed and chattered on the stairways; have sat long hours on hard recitation benches in grudging communion with the great minds of antiquity, or in puzzled and chalky conflict with algebraic symbols.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

To the left of this building stands another, lower, more rambling, and of more recent date, known as the Science Building. Here are laboratories and other appliances necessitated by the growing numbers of applicants for scientific preparation. Between this and School Street is the little square, ivy-mantled office building where in my day could be seen at his desk the venerable and much loved Dr. Bancroft. These were all the school could then boast in the way of administration buildings; but since my graduation it has, I am happy to say, been provided with a magnificent gymnasium, and an "Archeology" building, and bids fair before long to come into full possession of the old Theological dormitories. Also, by dint of thorough repairing, the school has succeeded in reimpressing into service as a dining hall, what used to be, in the fifties, the main recitation building.

Behind the present main building is the old campus, used (before the recent donation of that splendid "Brother's Field") as football gridiron and baseball diamond in season; famous, I might add, for its amazing fertility in small, three-cornered stones. On either side of this campus then extended a row of homely little wooden houses, known respectively as Latin and English Commons, where, for the paltry sum of nine dollars a year, could be had a sitting room with two small bedrooms; nothing palatial, to be sure, but cozy withal if one were not above keeping his

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

own fire and fetching his water, of a wintry morning, from that historic pump at which the Father of his Country once drank from a cup handed him by Miss Phillips. These little houses, their doors carved with many an illustrious name, their homely walls and winding stairs hallowed by tradition — these were the bulwarks of school democracy. Many a night I have looked out from my window upon the quaint little rows, whitened by the moonlight, and have thought to myself of the countless similar evenings, quiet and beautiful, which have passed over them during their seventy years; of the laughter, the angry words, quarrels provoked and made up, friendships formed, hours idled away and hours of study — of all they could tell of, had they the power of speech. The Latin Commons are no more, and but few of the English remain — the demand now being for rooms of a better sort; but for the sake of old associations, may the day be distant when the last of them must go!

Early on the morning after our arrival Father and I went to look at my room, which was in one of the cottages opposite the Latin Commons. As we entered, a sound of pounding ceased abruptly, and we were confronted by a boy in shirtsleeves, with several tacks protruding from his teeth and a hammer in one hand.

“You are Richard Gardner, aren’t you?” said my father, approaching the stranger. “Yes,” he added, “I should know you without your telling

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

me; you are very like your father." Then followed some questions as to the boy's family, to which he responded quietly and with some embarrassment.

"Now," said my father, drawing us together, "you must get to know each other at once; for you are to share your pleasures and troubles for nine months. And I hope you will live together as congenially, and with as few quarrels as your fathers did at college, thirty years ago."

Thereupon we shook hands; and my father, protesting that his presence would now be undesirable, bade us good-bye, and hurried off. For a moment each surveyed the other curiously, trying to determine what sort of lad he was to take to himself in the intimate relationship of room-mate. Dick was taller and heavier than I, with light brown hair, long face, rather mature features, and a peculiar wistful expression in his dark eyes. Most of his boyhood had been spent in eastern Europe, and he had left his family to cross, alone, thousands of miles of land and water to come to Andover.

I was the first to break the ice. "Started to fix up the room?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, with what seemed a deepening of the wistful expression; "come and see."

I followed him into his bedroom, where I fully expected to find that in a burst of homesickness he had put up on the wall pictures of every member of his family. But imagine my astonishment

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

when I found that he had literally papered his bedroom with great oblong charts of light green color, representing the evolution of animal and plant life from the earliest geological period down to the present! Hideous Jurassic monsters writhing and disporting under broad-leaved, clumpy trees; enormous Dinosaurs engaged in horrid, amphibious combat; gaping Ichthyosaurs, flapping Pterodactyls—all the unpronounceable monsters of prehistoric antiquity were there, reconstructed from the lurid mind of some delirious geologist.

Here was a touch of nature to make any two room-mates kin! Dick was by this time chuckling with enjoyment of my surprise, and the gleeful note of that laugh told me that, whatever caused his customary look of melancholy, it went no deeper than the surface. He then proceeded to show me other things which he had for the room. Surely no boy ever brought to Andover such a trunk-load of oddities! A little Greek alarm clock to whose musical chimes we were to arise every morning, an Egyptian tapestry of bright colors and queer hieroglyphic symbols, odd pistols, knives, various pieces of oriental dress,—these, and a host of other knick-knacks he displayed before my wondering eyes. By noon our acquaintance had shot up to quite a growth over this veritable buccaneer's chest.

Dick and I were much gratified to find that all the rooms on our floor were occupied by "new

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

fellows." This fact was in itself a bond of sympathy among us, and before evening we were all quite companionable. So much so, indeed, that Dick undertook to show us some cute wrestling tricks learned from the wily Greeks. One by one we tried our luck against him in the wide hallway, but none could withstand him. For Dick was heavily built below the waist, and was quick and strong with his arms. I was the last to go up against this Goliath, and the by-standers shouted lustily to see the internecine combat between room-mates. Suddenly came a quick step on the stair; all but the combatants broke for their rooms, and five doors slammed loudly.

The new-comer was one of the "old fellows" who roomed on the floor below us. "Say," said he, as we paused in our struggle, "come on down stairs, don't you want to? The fellows down there want to meet you."

Overcome by the courtesy of this advance, Dick and I with murmured attempts to express our appreciation, followed our new acquaintance down to one of the front rooms, where, upon his knocking twice, we were admitted. A low light burned within; but before I could accustom my eyes to the dimness, a towel was clapped about my head, and I was held tightly against the wall while the blindfold was adjusted. Not a word was spoken. Judging, however, by faint shuffling sounds and occasional whispers, there must have been some eight or ten fellows in the room.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

With a sudden jerk, I was dragged across the floor to an open window and pushed through it, feet foremost. Outside, hands at once seized me by the ankles and hips and lowered me safely to the ground. Then I heard my captors leaping from the window. With a guard on either side, and one behind me for encouragement, I was now led at a brisk trot across the lawn to the back of the cottage, where again I was unceremoniously hauled through a window to what, as I could see by squinting below my blindfold, was evidently the cellar floor.

“Now strip!” ordered a deep voice close to my ear; and at the same time the sound of water splashing into the bath tub, proclaimed the nature of the impending ordeal. Overcoming as best I could a natural hesitation to strip in the presence of unknown numbers of total strangers, I quickly tore off my clothes, each article, as I removed it, being instantly whisked away by unseen hands.

“Now,” said the same deep voice, when I had been led into the bath-room and my blindfold removed, “Now jump in!”

Thanks to my habitual morning plunge, this tub of cold water was no terrifying thing to me; and I determined that as many as possible should share my enjoyment of it. So, as if in fear, I held back until my tormentors had to push me to the very brink. Then, leaping in with a wild whoop, I scattered a perfect surf-wave of spray over the unsuspecting heads about me. I knew

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

I should have to suffer for this audacity, but at least it should be said that I had shown some spirit in the matter.

When I had dried myself thoroughly, I walked over to my clothes with the air of a performer who has completed his exhibition and awaits only the plaudits of the multitude. But my multitude was of a different stamp. A ring was quickly formed about the cellar, and the deep-voiced fellow who seemed to be the leader seized me by the arm.

"You are now," he commanded, "to do five miles in laps around this cellar. Each lap is equal to one two-thousandth of a mile."

Here was a pretty task! To run ten thousand times around that cellar would have occupied me the rest of night. But if they could afford the time, so could I; and there was nothing for it but to begin at once. But I had only half appreciated the seriousness of the undertaking. For I had no sooner commenced to run than each one of the circle produced from the folds of his raiment a small paddle cut from a shingle, which he applied whenever I passed him to that portion of my anatomy without doubt originally designed for the purpose, albeit at this time incapacitated by a six or seven years' desuetude of paternal chastisement; which is to say, tender. And to make matters worse, whenever they had in unison counted the number of my orbits up to ten, they would apparently forget and begin again at six.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Even this was not all. I presume I must have expressed my disgust so clearly in my face that while I ran they might read, for the leader began shouting to me as I circled by him:

“Shake that grouch! Smile! Cheer up!”

So I was forced to counterfeit an expression of ecstatic enjoyment. At length, just as I was plucking up courage for an assault upon one of the circle who was applying his strokes with especially telling accuracy, the leader halted proceedings; I was told to dress again, and the company broke up without further comment.

I dressed myself in feverish haste. But when I started to return to my room, my self-control gave way and, try as I would, I could not keep back the tears — tears, not of physical pain, but of helpless anger at the humiliation I had suffered. Fearing to risk a meeting with the “old fellows” before I had thoroughly regained my composure, I sat down on an old barrel, with head in hands, to think the matter over.

All at once a hand was laid upon my shoulder: and I looked up into the face of the fellow who had acted during the evening as master of ceremonies. This time, however, as his expression plainly showed, his mission was of a friendly nature.

“Struly,” said he, thrusting out his hand, “my name is Bates; I want to know you.”

We shook hands in silence.

“Don’t take your hazing too much to heart,” he continued; “remember that, however much

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

fun it may have been for us, it was done entirely for your good. You're all right at bottom — I can see that plainly enough. But you're a bit too fresh at present. You don't appreciate what is expected of new fellows. Still, you're not the only one. Most of us who hazed you to-night got the same deal when we first landed here, and it did us a world of good, as it will you, if you take it right. We shan't any of us refer to this business again; so let's forget bygones and be friends."

"But, Mr. Bates," said I, — —.

"Never mind the 'Mister,' old man," interrupted Bates kindly.

"Thanks. What I wanted to ask was, just how I am fresh? — you see I want to know what to cut out."

"Well," replied Bates judiciously, "that's a hard question to answer. Freshness is more in a fellow's general attitude than in what he does. Now in your case, you fellows have been scuffling and swaggering around up there as if you owned the place. New fellows are expected to keep blamed quiet. You just want to learn your place and keep it, that's all. And say! I advise you to get a few inches of hair taken off, and to look up a collar about half the size of that. That kind o' thing don't go here. You just keep your eye peeled and you'll get wise."

For this and other nuggets of advice I thanked the great man humbly. As Bates was considerably older than most of his schoolmates and a

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

leader in undergraduate affairs, it was not^m a hard thing for me, eight years his junior, to hear from him these unwelcome truths — especially as it began a friendship which has strengthened with each succeeding year.

After a long discussion lasting far into the night, Dick and I (Dick, too, had been hazed) agreed that we had deserved our punishment, and that we would work together to shake off in the shortest possible time every last vestige of freshness. Before undressing, I looked at my reflection in the mirror. Yes, my hair *was* long, and my collar *was* ridiculously high. Strange that I had never seen things in that light before! But these were easily remedied defects. My determination to root out all internal symptoms of the dread infection found utterance in my prayer that night, and for many succeeding nights, that I might come to be as manly and respected a fellow as Tom Bates.

All this was years ago. But, however much of Virgil and Homer I may have forgotten since then, the lesson learned in that cold cellar I carry fresh in my heart. It was a hard lesson; but one does not forget hard lessons.

It has been aptly observed that in their treatment of one another, boys evince an almost animal cruelty. Yes, in some respects; but in that cruelty is tempered the stuff that goes to make manhood. To any boy who has been or is to be, hazed as I was, I say: "Take the lesson to heart. You^r may

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

be sure that you deserved all that you received and more. Find out your mistakes and begin at once to cast off that nauseating manner called 'freshness,' and to make a man of yourself."

To those whose bounden duty it is to haze the "new fellows," I say: "Never subject your victim to anything mean or contemptible. Do what you feel necessary, in as charitable a spirit as possible. And, above all, never fail to explain to the victim in what respects he falls below the standard of manhood held by the school, or to show thereafter a desire for friendly relations with him. Without these redeeming amends, a sensitive nature may be deeply wounded and driven in upon itself."

III.

MY FIRST MORNING CHAPEL.

*"While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring 'stude' strained full in view."
Scott — adapted.*

THE next morning (Thursday) school began in earnest. Promptly at ten minutes before eight the time-honored bell (almost it seemed with pleasure in the resumption of its duties) rang out its unwelcome alarm. Now "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain" the boarding-house lady is peculiar. That her boarders shall consign themselves to her tender mercies with some satisfaction, she sets a sumptuous table for the first few days of the term; as also for the last few days, to decoy them into renewal of their affiliations with her. Thus it was that, at the ringing of the bell on that Thursday morning, in no "joint" were vacant chairs to be found, save those of a few new fellows so innocent as to take for granted the indefinite continuance of those halcyon breakfasts.

But at that dread alarum every man sprang to his feet. Only the fat boys and such unhappy wights as had come late remained for one more swallow of such coffee as would not again for a long term delight the palate, or for a last comprehensive

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

bite at a tender muffin whose tin would thereafter rust in disuse till the approach of the holidays;—only these tarried a moment before dashing out after the others.

Then, had you stood on the lawn before the school building, you might have seen converging from all points of the compass rivulets of school-boys — the early riser in fresh shirt and neat cravat, the slug-a-bed with dingy sweater-collar framing his unshaven chin — breaking into a run as the bell began to ring double time, and merging into that great torrent which poured in through the wide doors to rush pounding up into the chapel.

Not soon to be forgotten was that old chapel; its walls hung with portraits of distinguished alumni in Revolutionary uniform, in the uncomfortable cravats of the forties, in the federal uniform of the sixties, and in the ill-cut frocks of twenty years ago; its rafters resplendent with countless class and athletic banners. With the last stroke of the bell every one rose to join in the doxology; and a mighty volume the noble strains of Old Hundred from four hundred throats sent rolling up over the platform, where sat Dr. Bancroft with the heads of departments. After a reading from the scriptures, a prayer, and a hymn, Dr. Bancroft arose. In an instant all was hushed.

“This morning,” he began, “we enter upon the one hundred and twenty-fourth year our history; and I hope we have all come together determined

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

to make it better if possible, as regards scholarship, undergraduate activities, and the moral tone of the school, than those which have gone before. To those of you who are here in chapel for the first time, I extend the heartiest welcome. Although I am well aware that in undergraduate life a distinction is drawn between old and new members of the school, I assure you that to the authorities and to outsiders there is none. You have a perfect right to be — we wish you to be — proud of belonging to the greatest school in America; but see to it that you justify your pride by living up to traditions and by doing all in your power to conserve and increase our just cause for pride. What our school life with its noble traditions now is, these men whose pictures hang upon these walls have made it. It is a priceless legacy which you enjoy.”

I know not how these words may impress in print; but to those whose privilege it was to hear them from the Doctor's lips, they were words spoken from the heart, to the heart.

Now rose up from one of the foremost benches a powerfully built fellow with fine, manly bearing. It was Kurtz, the football captain. Turning about he faced the school.

“Fellows,” said he, “football season begins this afternoon. Only three men from last year's team are back and we need all the new material we can get. Practice begins at three o'clock, and I want to see out on that field every fellow who

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

loves good sport, every fellow who wants to help the school, no matter whether he feels qualified or not. You all know how uncertain football is; sometimes a fellow who never gets farther than a street team in school, makes a university eleven. In fact two men playing on college teams to-day, didn't even make the second team here. And I want to say right here, that the fellows who plug away out on the field every afternoon without ever getting into a game, do as much toward winning from Exeter as the men who play on the first team. Now, everyone come out who possibly can. Everyone gets a fair deal. We've got to win from Exeter this year, and the only way to do it is to begin to-day. Everything depends on the material that comes out and the spirit shown, to-day."

No sooner was Kurtz seated than a fellow sitting near him leaped upon his bench and raised his hand.

"Now, fellows," he cried, "a long cheer for Captain Kurtz, and get into it! Are you ready? One, two, three —"

"A—ndover! A—ndover! A—ndover!
Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah,

"A—ndover! A—ndover! A—ndover!

Kurtz! Kurtz! Kurtz!"

Everyone, standing on his feet and straining his lungs had joined in that cheer. It was, I thought, the most inspiring moment I had ever known.

Immediately after chapel, I went to my first

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

recitation. It was in Xenophon under the guidance of the kindly and humorous Professor X —.

For more than an hour on the previous night I had lain awake, tormented by the dread possibility of being the first to be called upon. As I entered the room this fear again fell upon me and I sought out a chair in the very farthest corner. Oh, callow inexperience! Why did I not follow the lead of the old fellows who, to escape being called on for the first lesson of the term (which, of course, it is hardly dignified to admit having prepared) had taken seats under the Professor's very desk? A fatal fascination held my eyes upon the the Professor. And no sooner had the bell rung than he looked up and encountered my anxious gaze.

"Struly, you may begin!"

Somehow, with the grim determination to make a recitation of some sort, I struggled to my feet. But between me and the desk were several grimacing faces which I had seen at even closer range in a lantern-lighted cellar the night before. My wits left me, and I could think of nothing but my desire to sit down — a desire which the Professor was not long in gratifying.

My next recitation was still more unfortunate. We had prepared for recitation Dryden's "St. Cecilia," and were required to write on two questions, one of which was, "Who was St. Cecilia?" After collecting the papers, Dr. Z.— began to read

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

one of them. Suddenly a horrified expression came upon his face.

“There is one sentence here which would make Noah Webster turn in his grave!” he cried; and rushing to the board, he copied off for the edification of the class the following extract from my paper:

“St. Secellia was a Roman lady who played so wondrously upon a pipe that an angel came down from heaven to hear her.”

IV.

MY FIRST AND LAST RACE.

*“And as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew—”
Goldsmith.*

IN all honesty, and at the risk of losing sympathy, I must here frankly state that, although it was long before I could bring myself to give up my secretly cherished hopes of such glory, I have never gained the slightest distinction for athletic prowess. Consequently my presentation of this side of Andover life must, with the exception of my own initial attempt, be entirely from the viewpoint of the bystander.

That initial attempt was on the track. Dick and I decided at the outset that we were not the stuff of which gridiron heroes are fashioned; but so alluring were the possibilities for the patient toiler on the track (as glowingly set forth in chapel by Captain Crawden) that we determined to rely for our fame upon fleetness of foot. For three weeks we trained conscientiously, every afternoon repairing to the track to follow as best we could the killing pace of the fast runners. At the end of that time Dick was picked for his class relay team, while my only compensation was in persuading myself that I was a “dark horse.”

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

The fall Handicap track meet was held on a chilly day in the last week of October. The bleachers along the track were early filled with townspeople, admiring friends and relatives, and a large bevy of "Fem. Sems." (as we nicknamed the young ladies of Abbott Academy.) With inward qualms I gazed upon this fair aggregation from a window in the track house, where sat some thirty of us in a hot, ill-ventilated room, which smelled villainously of ointment and sweaty bodies.

Promptly on the hour the starter burst in and called out:—

"One hundred yard dash! Schick, Matthews, Ehrick, Hemmick Whitmore, Neville, and Mahoney!"

Instantly the men named left the track house amid cries of "Good luck, old boy!" "Keep your nerve!" "Never say die!" etc. Then came a period of quiet, suddenly terminated by the sharp crack of a pistol. From the bleachers broke irregular shouts, finally swelling into a united and sustained roar as the runners breasted the tape. Then we could hear the announcer cry through his megaphone:

"One hundred yard dash — won by Schick in ten flat, lowering the record by one-fifth; second Matthews." Exultant cheers greeted the announcement, and the winner was joyfully hailed on his return to the track house. But I was suddenly reminded of what awaited me by the second entrance of the starter.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

"Eight-eighty yard dash!" he called. "Petit, Kellogg, Gerry, Struly, Gardner, Goldsmith, Meier and Howell!"

Counterfeiting as best we could an air of indifference, Dick and I with Gerry, a slight, almost weakly built fellow who roomed opposite us, made our way to the starting posts. "If Gerry has any chance," thought I, "I don't see why I have not." After some slight delay we were handicapped as follows: Petit, scratch; Goldsmith, 10 yards; Howell and Gardner, 20 yards; Struly, 25 yards; Kellogg, 30 yards; Meier and Gerry, 35 yards.

"On your marks!" called the starter, and we all knelt. "Get set!" and we all rose to a slightly leaning posture on our hands and toes. "Crack!" went the pistol, and we were off. I had only three men ahead of me; but by the time I was up with them, as luck would have it, they were running abreast on the turn; and I wasted energy and breath in the futile endeavor to squeeze by. Nearly exhausted by this folly, I drew in again to the pole, directly behind them. Soon they were once more in line, but I was then too weak to overhaul them. On the second turn, Dick and another runner fell in just ahead of me. And a moment later, Petit, the scratch, came by at a killing pace, head thrown back and mouth wide open, and let up not the slightest degree till he had gradually overhauled every one and taken the lead ahead of Gerry. On the last turn I fell rapidly back, my legs benumbed and a strange

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

dizziness in my head. For a moment (to my shame be it said) the fear of ridicule almost tempted me to give up; but my better sense at once reasserted itself, and some seconds after the cheering had greeted Petit's splendid victory, amid painfully audible snickers from the bleachers I staggered gaspingly in to the finish.

Throwing my blanket about my shoulders I made the best of my way back to the track house, where I hoped to escape notice under cover of the congratulations tendered Petit. But just as I reached the locker room, the starter laid a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"Don't be disheartened," said he. "To finish last in a race often takes as much pluck as to cross the tape first."

But lest his encouragement create a false impression, I hasten to add that he soon afterwards advised me to turn my energy into some unathletic channel of school activity.

It may here be asked why I have been at the pains to describe in detail a race wherein I figured so ingloriously. Well, chiefly because this is a true story. We are all familiar with the stock school or college story in which the hero, against outrageous odds, sprints desperately at the last moment, to fall victoriously fainting across the tape, where, as he lies upon the cinders, his sweetheart weeps salt tears over him and his future father-in-law presents him with a gold watch. In spite of its unlikelihood, such a story may have

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

excellent effect; but it is not enough to prepare for success by acquainting oneself with the fortunes of the successful; one must also give heed to that vaster class branded as "failures." And you, who are or some day will be, away at school, remember that if you ever enter a race — say, with nine others — your chance of victory is only one in ten. Doubtless for days beforehand you will dream of victory, and will deem yourself, as I did, picked by Providence to win in a final glorious spurt. But you will find this same Providence, with mortifying lack of discrimination, inclining her ear as readily to others as to yourself.

For the rest, the events of this Fall Meet were run off in the usual way. In the broad-jump my friend Fielding, whose acquaintance I had made at the station just after arriving, broke the school record. The class relay race, although undramatic, was perhaps the event of the afternoon. Each team was composed of four runners, and each man was to run one quarter of a mile. For the first two quarters the race was remarkably even. But in the third Dick Gardner, apparently unfatigued by his exertions in the half-mile, pulled quickly away and tagged his man ten yards in advance of the others — thus practically winning the race for his class, and for his team the proud right to wear numerals on track-shirts, caps and sweaters.

V.

“AUNT HATTIE’S.”

*“We had aromatic butter,
Acrobatic cheese,
Heartless hash and sauerkraut —
'Twould make a fellow sneeze — oh —
Maybe you don't believe me,
Maybe you think I fib;
Just take a trip to Andover
And tuck in a Crocker bib.”*

IN addition to the recently instituted “Commons,” there are at Andover numerous private boarding houses where, for a weekly tax of from three to seven dollars, one may keep body and soul together. Partly because the house was so convenient, and partly for economy's sake, I boarded during my three years at a four-dollar establishment under the gentle superintendence of Mrs. Crocker, or, as she was known to us, “Aunt Hattie.” In a small, low-ceiled dining room, three tables (by a stretch of Aunt Hattie's imagination supposed to “comfortably accommodate” some thirty boarders) were crowded together so closely that at meal times the chairs of one table touched those of the next, and the waiters — students who were earning in this way their board — could not pass between.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

As usual, our first few meals were remarkably auspicious. All sang Aunt Hattie's praises. Then set in a gradual decline in our menu, until within the first two weeks we knew the worst; although as Aunt Hattie allowed us shredded wheats ("bath mits" we called them) at any time, we managed to eke out existence. But finally, true to human nature, we began to abuse this privilege; in an evil hour we planned to hold a shredded wheat contest. At nine-fifteen one Sunday morning, with nearly every boarder entered, the race began, and for many minutes the silence was broken only by the crunching of fresh biscuits. At length, one by one, the contestants fell off, till only three or four were left in the running. The race was finally won by the tall, lanky cynic who sat next to me, who had removed from this verdant earth in one sitting, no less than nine. As might be guessed, the consumption involved in this dainty pastime was enormous. And this fact coupled with our favorite and insulting declaration to Aunt Hattie that "raw eggs and breakfast foods were the best things she served," so hardened that lady's heart within her that no cereal was thereafter to be had except at breakfast.

Pancake mornings marked an occasional red-letter day for us. And at such times the three tables consumed, I have no doubt, some three hundred of these "pen-wipers,"—thick, spongy, pale yellow, and, like so many people in this world,

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

cold and tough on the outer rim, but with somewhere a faintly warm heart if one had only the patience to probe for it. Then, too, if it happened to be the morning of an Exeter game, or the last morning of the term, pancakes proved to be excellent "scalpers." The room would on such festive occasions be darkened with spinning cakes, describing graceful parabolas from one table to another, with an occasional "splat!" as two would collide and fall into some unlucky wight's coffee. In order that Aunt Hattie might divide evenly among the three tables these coveted delicacies, each waiter, when calling for more, used a special name for them. Thus the waiter at my table, as he pushed back the little slide and rattled his plate into the pantry to be refilled, would call out, "Flap-Jacks!" Waiter number two would cry, "Turn-over-Johns!" and waiter number three, "Buck-Wheats!" From this practice the genus "pen-wiper" was divided by the boarders, according to tables into the three species: "Jacks," "Johns," and "Bucks."

A corresponding and equally casual evening delicacy was a kind of hot muffin, the upper halves of which were quite delectable, but the lower halves impossible. Accordingly, when the good part had been devoured, the under part was rolled into a corpulent dough-pill and placed beside the plate for future reference. Then, if Aunt Hattie should chance to pass through the room, perhaps some jester would call out:—

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

"Aunt Hattie! There must be lead in these buns."

Aunt Hattie would bridle a little and fold her arms.

"Look!" the jester would cry; and holding aloft his dough-pill, he would let it fall near his plate, simultaneously kicking the under side of the table. Whereupon Aunt Hattie, who had probably endured the same brilliant sally a hundred times in her fifteen years of experience, would pass on with a look of contemptuous resignation.

Like the pancakes, these muffins had a distinct nickname for each table, being known respectively as "buns," "gems," and "duffies." Indeed, we had for nearly every dish some special name. Milk was always spoken of as "cow-juice" or "squee," and the pitchers designated according to size as "cows" and "calves." Butter was always "oleo" or "wax;" coffee always "mud;" pork, "snouter;" cheese, "soap;" chicken, "crow;" hash, "whonose;" etc. As we were ever a hungry crowd, many were the demands at each meal for "seconds." Aunt Hattie understood this and accordingly, when some dessert like apple pie was served, the stern announcement would echo through the pantry slide: "Apple pie for dessert—no seconds!"

We had also many dainty parlor tricks at Crocker's, one or two of which perhaps deserve mention. In the center of each table stood a small glass of vicious-looking toothpicks. To

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

these weapons, in times of excitement, we used to apply small pieces of butter and then pitch them, javelin-like, against the ceiling, where they would stick sometimes for twenty-four hours. Several times I have seen the ceiling bristling like a porcupine with such quills. Another feat was to toss a small plate of butter right-side-up against the ceiling. If the butter were viscous enough, it would stick for a moment, plate and all; then gradually sag downward, the butter stretching like soft taffy, until a sudden break would let the plate fall back upon the table.

Between courses we used to have "sprinkle duels." Two fellows sitting opposite, would each put a drop or two of water in his spoon. Then, holding the handle firmly in one hand and drawing back the bowl with the other, at a given signal each would let the spoon snap forward, ejecting the water into the face of his vis-a-vis, if he were a good hand at it.

This appetizing chapter may be fitly concluded by one incident which stands out among many in my memory. This same tall, bony cynic who won the shredded-wheat contest had a most acute perception of imperfections in the food. Indeed, his entire conversation consisted in a guttural sound — something between a groan and an imprecation — which always announced his painful discoveries. His greatest skill lay in a remarkable power of extracting, conspicuously and often audibly, long hairs from whatever form of food came

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

beneath his haughty nose. These relics he preserved, tucked behind a sliver in the window-sill back of his chair. One evening, with the usual groan, he exhumed from a hot "duffie" a hair of record-breaking dimensions, and turned to add it to his collection. But suddenly he sprang to his feet. Everyone looked up.

"By the crabs!" he exclaimed. "Fellows, it doesn't match; they've changed cooks!"

Lest I appear to convey an exaggerated picture of our life at Crocker's, I hasten to explain that of course all this did not happen at a single meal, or necessarily in a single week. And in justice to Aunt Hattie, I feel bound to say that I do not understand how she could have done a bit better by us for four dollars a week; though doubtless if our manners had been better we should have enjoyed our meals more. But, granted all that used to be objected to the place, if I were at Andover again to-day, and Aunt Hattie's were still extant, I should infinitely prefer it — if only for its fun and camaraderie — to boarding at the hotel.

VI.

THE EXETER GAME.

*“Old Andover is champion,
And shall hold her place forever.”*
School Song.

ON the eve of the Exeter football game, in accordance with an old custom, we all repaired to the chapel for a mass-meeting. As soon as a nucleus of some twenty or thirty enthusiasts had accumulated, everyone who entered the hall thereafter was vociferously applauded — simple applause swelling into shouting and stamping of feet as the numbers grew — until every bench was closely packed with excited supporters.

As soon as the bell ceased ringing, Manager Harland ascended the platform amid roars of applause.

“Fellows,” said he, “we are here again to stir up our enthusiasm, expand our lungs, and tear up our throats so as to be in shape for the game tomorrow. Let’s make this mass-meeting such an uproarious affair that when we go home we’ll find it impossible to sleep till we’ve wolloped old Exeter again. (Roars, cat-calls, and shrill whistles) I am not going to make a speech — (wild cheers followed by laughing). Don’t worry; you can’t offend me that way. As long as you cheer, I

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

don't care what you cheer at. Fellows, Dr. Bancroft (cheering again) has consented to speak to us to-night, and I now invite him to come up, if he dares, and face the howling mob."

As Harland ceased, applause again broke forth till the cheer-leaders succeeded in making heard above the din, orders for "a long cheer for Harland," which was given with deafening compliance. By this time Dr. Bancroft was on the platform and the organized cheer for Harland broke off into a mighty hullabaloo as we all jumped on the benches and threw up our hats and shouted for the Doctor.

"Gentlemen," he began smiling, "I have made a special effort to be with you to-night, in spite of the extreme probability of my being called upon for a speech (protracted cheering). We are here to-night to show our feelings toward the work of the team. 'All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy,' it is said; but I have never seen it tried. Our team has worked faithfully all fall, and to-morrow, gentlemen, they are going to play; and I am glad that I am going to be on hand." (Cheering and hat-tossing renewed, with much dancing about on the benches.)

Professor M— was next prevailed upon to speak. After bowing repeatedly in response to sustained cheering, he said:

"Young gentlemen of the school, I am very happy to be able to meet you in something in which you are all interested. Generally I have

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

to say to my classes, 'Now, boys, wake up! We have a very interesting problem before us.' To-night you can say the same thing to me — 'Now, Mac, wake up yourself.' I was once introduced at a class dinner as a professor who had not cut a recitation in ten years. To-night I introduce myself as a man who has not cut an Exeter game for twenty-five years."

The laughter and applause which greeted these words can well be imagined. In an instant the cheer leader had leaped to his feet and called for "a short cheer for 'Mac.' One! two! three! —

“Mac! Mac! Bully for Mac!
Andover! Andover! Rah, rah, rah!
Mac! Mac! Bully for Mac!
Andover! Andover! Rah, rah, rah!”

“Well, gentlemen,” began Professor F—, the next speaker, “I am not prepared to say a great deal — (cries of “Oh!” “Oh!”) Do I understand you to insinuate that I always talk too much? If that is my reputation, to-night I must be briefer than ever. (Cries of “No!” “No!”) Oh, no, gentlemen, you can’t sugar your rebuke by flattery that way. To-morrow we go up against a mighty hard proposition — harder than any that Mac ever tried to wake you up for. (Laughter.) But I know that you are going to solve it much better than you ever solved any of his — at least I hope so. (More laughter.) I see that Mr. Goodhart

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

is getting nervous for fear that I'll forget my promise to him and tell that good story he told me this morning, so I shall only say that I wish you all that you deserve — and that means a rousing victory — and that I hope I shall have voice enough left to make a speech to-morrow night when the procession stops at my house."

A long cheer for "Charlie" followed that popular professor from the platform; after which Manager Harland introduced "the school's best friend outside the faculty — Mr. Goodhart."

"The speaker who preceded me," said Mr. Goodhart, "— far be it from me to mention his name — has as usual taken advantage of that fact to malign me most unjustly. He didn't hear my story at all: he was too busy begging Harland to let him speak before me to-night, so as to 'get in a lick at old man Goodhart.' (Laughter.) Those were his very words, gentlemen. He called me 'old man Goodhart' — and he not a day under sixty-five! (Prolonged laughter and craning of necks for a glimpse at Professor F—.) But that is not what I'm here to say. I'm here to say 'God bless you' and to wish you a thundering good victory to-morrow. I haven't missed an afternoon's practice, or a game, all fall; so I know what I'm talking about when I say the team has worked hard; and I hope I know what I'm talking about when I say they're going to win!"

After several more speeches of a similar nature, the cheer-leaders put us several times through all

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

the different songs and cheers, and gave us directions for marching upon the Exeter field the next day; after which we broke up, to gather again at various points of interest for exhaustive discussion of our chances for victory on the morrow.

In chapel the next morning the air seemed charged with suppressed excitement; and our feelings were certainly not quieted by the presence of a huge dummy dressed up in complete football regalia and hung from one of the rafters toward the front of the hall. Everyone seemed vaguely conscious that its presence there had some purpose. And so it had; for at the conclusion of the usual services, as Dr. Bancroft arose to speak, we were startled by a violent alarm which evidently proceeded from the dummy's left leg, the knee of which was suspiciously swollen.

Dr. Bancroft checked himself and smiled. "That is a timely reminder to me," he said. "Gentlemen, the day is yours;" and with a bow he dismissed us. This was a good (if somewhat old) trick, so well played and so neatly turned, that we could not resist another cheer for the Doctor as we stampeded from the chapel.

"Mac" was not the only professor who had to stir up his classes that morning. And every eating joint was bedlam itself at noon. Early in the afternoon, freighted with all members of the school not physically unable to reach the station, many loyal townsfolk, and untold bales of school spirit, with shouting and cheering and singing bursting

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

from every door, window, crack, cranny, and potlid, a special train pulled out from Andover and went rumbling off into New Hampshire, to the home of our great rival academy.

At the Exeter station we were at once marshalled by the cheering staff into double file; and in that formation marched through the town, bellowing out as we went, that rousing pæan to the air of "My Girl's a Corker":—

"Our team's a corker,
Nothing can balk her,
Firm in the center,
Fast round the end.
She is a daisy —
Gee! how she'll phase ye —
How in the deuce did you find that out?
Yale said so.

"Our team's a wonder,
Splitz-blitz and thunder,
Thirsts for the blood
Of old Exeter.
She is a paragon,
Fights to the last man —
How in the deuce did you find that out?
Exeter said so.

"My girl's a sly one,
She comes from Boston,
Bets on old Andover —
Who told you so?

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

She is a daisy,
She knows a good thing —
How in the deuce did you find that out?
She told me so.”*

As we marched upon the field our Exeter rivals, with generous impulse, united in a long cheer for Andover; whereat the doughty bearers of the blue returned that courtesy so lustily that the much abused welkin was well nigh y-brent and y-brocken thereby. When all were seated, the bleachers held by actual count within a score of five thousand spectators. On the west were the Exeter supports, with a red canopy for the governor of New Hampshire, and countless banners of like color; on the east the host of the invaders with our camp followers and pennants of blue.

After some minutes of competitive singing and cheering, the two teams, headed by their captains, trotted out upon the gridiron, and fell to running through signals. Then, as if utter silence had thus far been the order of the day, as if all had been sparing their forces for this supreme moment, thousands of throats set themselves to baying madly into the air, till at length the overworked cheerleaders succeeded in organizing regular cheers for each member of the team and each substitute. Soon the whistle was blown, and quiet fell upon

*NOTE: In print and as rehearsed in chapel, the refrain was always shouted: “How in the deuce ” etc., but in actual use at exciting moments, a much more expressive version was adopted.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

the scene as the two elevens lined up for the kick-off.

And the game? Well, a game is either a defeat or a victory; and in either case, sensational or not. This game had few sensational features. We had heard a great deal of Exeter's advantage in having light backs; how they would dart nimbly from under the grasp of our titans, and play gaily about them with Liliputian quickness. But they sadly miscalculated in not foreseeing that they might not often have the ball. Several times they did secure it; but their much vaunted trick plays availed them nothing. Their dodging, squirming, vaulting backs could not break out into the rear field for the victorious run. As soon as Andover got the ball, by steady, consistent line-bucking, she advanced it relentlessly toward the Exeter goal. Again and again she went through first one tackle and then the other; until after only ten minutes of play, "Dutch" Lehren took the ball on the one yard line. So determined is Exeter's resistance that "Dutch" with the ball in his arms, is forced up on the heads and shoulders of the pushing and straining players. Then back a little way from this revolving mass, run Tom Bates and "Sir Walter," and with a short start they leap up together on the very pinnacle of the human cone; over it falls, across the goal line, and "Dutch," still clinging desperately to the ball, is sent rolling several feet behind the posts.

Then, while deathlike stillness held the west

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

bleachers, while not a red flag waved, our side of the field was a sight for gods and men. Hats were tossed in air, straw mats hurled out upon the field, umbrellas ruthlessly shattered on neighboring heads; we embraced and wept and shouted for joy; and there was such a deal of handshaking, stamping, and clapping on the back, that for some moments our rocking bleachers were in danger of total collapse. And the same spirit was in the team as they came back from the goal, turning handsprings and playing leap-frog in their delight.

From then on, the game was never once in question; and when the final whistle blew, the score stood eleven to nothing. Down from our bleachers we swept; railings were broken down as we flooded out upon the field to carry off our heroes; and soon we were again marching through the town, hoarser and happier a hundred times, than when we came.

After supper that evening, every member of the team was plucked from his hiding place and carried down to Chap's, where a seat of honor awaited him in a gaily-decorated barge, drawn by four gallant (if somewhat underfed) steeds. Red lights were passed about while we were forming in lines of eight in the rear of the barge. Then, with the sonorous and blatant town band going on before, our victorious procession moved off "to give the staid citizens of Andover a good time." On the rear steps of the barge perched the haggard cheer-leader, baton in hand, to keep our throats

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

busy whenever we were not doing the "Omega Lambda Chi dance" from curb to curb. Before the houses of the different members of the faculty we halted, cheered several times, and then awaited the coveted speech. It was not a difficult thing to address us at such a time, for we were only too ready to cheer the veriest weather platitude.

After a final halt before Doctor Bancroft's house, we repaired to the old campus, where a bonfire of mountainous proportions awaited us. About, about, in reel and rout, we danced — every happy face lighted up by the flaming pile in the center. We had leap-frog, mimic football games, speeches from the members of the team, and all conceivable antics, till dying embers, raucous throats and heavy eye-lids warned us homeward to make the most of what little time remained for sleep.

VII.

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

*"On whom the victor, to confound them more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry;"*
Geraint and Enid.

EARLY in December one of the fellows who roomed below us was taken seriously ill, and it became necessary that the rest of us should temporarily remove from the cottage. Accordingly, we were quartered about wherever vacant rooms could be found, Dick and I being allotted to a house on Salem Street.

Here we found a little coterie of real school "cut-ups"—fellows who yearned to be thought "wild." They talked wisely of their favorite tobaccos, sat up late at night playing cards, boasted of having "sneaked" out of town to "draw a cork or two at the Dutchman's" in Lawrence, and withal did their utmost to give out that they were hastening precipitately to the dogs. This type never has found favor at Andover, and never will; and these fellows were no exception. No one admired them; no one took notice of them; apart from all vital interests of school life they lived in an atmosphere of boasting and scoffing. Yet, as this was their second year (having somehow escaped expulsion the year before) and as they were upper-

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

classmen, they thought themselves entitled, when Dick and I arrived among them, to do a little hazing. But while willing to admit that we had fully merited hazing when we first came to school, Dick and I were by this time considerably improved in manner and in social standing. We had many friends; we knew that we could no longer be called fresh; and we determined at the earliest opportunity to communicate our views to our neighbors.

The leader of this gang, a catarrhal, mean-spirited fellow, whom I shall call Fiske, sat directly behind me in Latin class. After my establishment in the same house with him, he evidently considered himself privileged to annoy me in innumerable petty ways, such as pinching me or pulling my coat to distract me while reciting. All this I bore as patiently as possible; for I considered it unmanly to cry out, and thus draw the instructor's attention upon him. I regarded the matter as my own private affair, and was ready, if he persisted long enough, to settle the matter outside of class room, in the only way such a matter can be settled. But one day, while I was on my feet translating, Fiske jabbed me smartly in the leg with a pin. That was too much. Quick as a flash I turned and struck him full in the face with my Latin book a blow which peeled a strip of skin from his nose and caused it to bleed profusely. With a yell he sprang to his feet and rushed from the room. For this violation of class-room

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

order, I confidently expected nothing short of suspension. But to my surprise, when I stood before the Professor's desk after the dismissal of the class, he asked me quietly:—

“Struly, did you have sufficient provocation for what you did to-day?”

“Yes, sir,” I replied boldly.

“I thought so. I am sorry it occurred, and you will of course have to suffer some penalty. But, under the circumstances, I shall feel justified in making it as light as possible.”

On the second night after this little skirmish, Dick and I found our beds full of fine rice and our slippers packed with raw oysters. Collecting at once as much of the rice as we could, and making a rich paste of it by adding oil from an olive bottle, we filled four cups with the mixture and laid an oyster tastefully on the top of each. With these we made our way stealthily across the hall about one o'clock. The bedroom where the four fellows slept was locked, but Dick managed to climb noiselessly through the transom of their sitting room and open the door for me. Tiptoeing into the bedroom, at a given signal we emptied a cupful of our luscious mixture on the face of each of the sleepers, and ran back to our room. To our surprise we heard nothing more of them during the night; and the next morning they were as polite as you please.

On my return a little late from lunch the day

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

after, I found Fiske trying to drag to his room a heavy table.

"Say, Struly," he called, "help me with this, will you, please? It's heavy as the deuce!"

Thinking by his pleasant tone that he had decided to let bygones be bygones, I willingly took hold of one end.

"Just back right in," he said, when we reached the door of his room; "the door's not latched."

And in I backed; but my first push against the door tumbled down upon me a whole pailful of water, arranged for the purpose. In an instant I scrambled across the table and punched the fellow with all my might. But he was no weakling; and before I could recover had neatly blackened my left eye. Then we had it back and forth, up and down the hall, with no advantage to either. Just as we were both fagging out, two of my opponent's henchmen rushed up to take a hand, and it looked black for me. But at the same instant, with a wild "wow-wow! wow-wow!" that sent joy to my heart, out burst Dick Gardner from our bedroom door at the far end of the hall, stripped to the waist and brandishing what looked to be a long bed-slat. "Thwack!" went the slat across three backs, and down tumbled one of the new comers. Then, tossing his weapon over the banisters, Dick pitched in with both fists, whooping and striking about him like a madman. So terrific was his onslaught that in a very few seconds the enemy was disastrously routed.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

After this encounter we had no further trouble with our neighbors; they went their ways — continuing to sing the praises of their tobaccos, play cards, and hint dire exploits — while Dick and I went ours.

Our landlady was now our sole source of annoyance. Unfortunately she had a temperament by no means suited to her calling in life. So sensitive was she to the slightest noise, that if one of us did but drop a shoe on the floor at night, she would be instantly at the door, apron over her left arm, mouth distended for a torrent of remonstrance, and right forefinger wagging ominously overhead. As this of course was not to be endured, Dick and I began to cast about for some remedy. And it was not long before his fertile brain evolved a scheme.

About ten o'clock one evening, we placed a camera upon a table opposite our door, arranged a generous flash-light directly back of it, and put out all lights. Then we began to raise a villainous hullabaloo, shouting, scuffling, and moving furniture about, as if a pitched battle were in progress. All with the desired effect; for in less than a minute, in stormed our landlady in characteristic attitude. "Puff!" exploded the flashlight; and with a cry of alarm the poor lady fainted. When she recovered, she demanded indignantly what we were about.

"Take a chair, mine hostess," said Dick, affecting a lordly air. ("Mine hostess" was his standing

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

title for our landlady.) “You see, it is thusly: the *Pot-Pourri* has offered a prize for the funniest picture of a landlady, to be inserted in this year’s copy. So Ewer Struly, here, and myself thought if we could catch one of you, just as you look when you come storming in on us to make us keep quiet (here he gave a side-splitting imitation) that we should win the prize in a walk.”

“Ah, Mr. Gardner — ah, ye ain’t a-goin’ to do that reely, be ye?”

“Well,” replied Dick judicially, “that depends. You have been so finicky and have made life so unutterably miserable for us, that we don’t feel over kindly toward you, you see.”

“Sure, I’ll niver trooble ye agin, thin — if only ye won’t break things. But please don’t be a-puttin’ that in the book. Ye won’t, now, will ye?”

After repeated assurances of reformation on her part, we finally struck a truce mutually satisfactory; and from then until our return to the cottage just before Christmas, Dick and I lived very pleasantly in our new quarters. Although the flash-light picture would easily have taken the prize, it was never published, nor even passed about; Dick and I alone preserve copies of it.

VIII.

EXIT MY ROOM-MATE.

*"In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at Old
Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again."
Goldsmith.*

Not long ago I happened to meet on the train a friend of mine who is in a broker's office in New York City. In the course of our conversation I asked him if he were never afraid of "falling into a rut."

"Never," was his prompt reply; "I room with Dick Gardner."

His point was well taken; no one can possibly get into a rut who rooms with Dick. During my second term at Andover — the long winter term — I saw him at his best. As there was then no gymnasium, and in stormy weather no skating, his surplus energy had to be worked off in other ways. And strange ways they were. I shall never forget the shock it gave me one day to see him, when the bell rang for recitation, step to the window and, with the most natural air imaginable, disappear. A moment later he was running toward the school building. He had discovered that an eaves-pipe

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

close to our window afforded a means of descent more convenient than the stairs; and before many weeks he was able to climb up the two stories with as much agility as to slide down.

Dangerous feats had a strange fascination for him. I once saw him climb up upon the overhanging slate roof simply to recover a tennis ball which had lodged there. The descent was more perilous yet. Hanging by his hands from the eaves-trough, some thirty or forty feet above ground, he had to swing back and forth until he could catch his feet in the window whence he had come. Inside, someone held his knees and feet firmly until his head and shoulders could follow. It was absolutely impossible for him to be locked out of his room; for if the eaves-pipe was too slippery, he would climb into the room from the window beneath, or the window above his own.

On the top floor roomed Theophilus Kirtle, a pale, spectacled, round-shouldered fellow — something of a Miss Nancy, too — to whom we used to apply the derisive epithets, “grind,” “poler,” and “greaser.” Fortunately for him, he despised us and our ways almost as heartily as we despised him and his. But passive contempt was not enough for Dick. So irritating to him was the mere presence in the house of this studious recluse, that he occasionally dug up the hatchet and took to the warpath. His favorite mode of attack was to let himself out upon a narrow ledge of stonework, which encircled the cottage at the

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

top of the second story, and creep cautiously along by holding to the window blinds. Having always made certain beforehand that Theophilus was out, he would enter boldly by the window; then, lighting the poor fellow's lamp, would scorch over it a cake of the vilest chewing tobacco. When the room was sufficiently permeated with the smell, he would let himself out by the door and return.

A yet more heinous device — the result probably of Dick's indifferent fooling in the chemical laboratory — was a piece of mineral so tied from the bed-springs as to hang directly above a jar of some kind of acid. When the midnight oil was exhausted and the pale Theo sought his couch, his weight would lower the carbon into the acid; and from the ensuing action would arise an indescribable stench.

After this pleasant little joke, poor Theophilus negotiated a new lock for his door — but failed to think of his windows. This Dick regarded, of course, as a direct challenge. Accordingly, one afternoon, while Theo was dissipating at the tea-table of a village spinster, he made his way along the ledge with a large bottle of water under his arm. Behind the bureau he deposited his burden, poured into it some dozen lithia tablets, and wired down the cork! The natural result followed: about midnight came a violent explosion accompanied by the sound of falling glass, as if some one had thrown a small bomb through the window.

Only under certain conditions could Dick study

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

with any satisfaction to himself. Promptly at eight o'clock he would proceed to robe himself in his studying garb ("studying garbage" he called it) which consisted simply of flannel trousers and a pair of broken-down slippers. Then, counting "one, two, three!" for such visitors as happened to be present, to get out, he would rush upon the rest and forcibly eject them. After this he would settle down to his desk and, with a deal of savage muttering and banging about of books, work out his Homer lesson. But I believe no one more thoroughly enjoyed this ceremony than Dick; for one time, after a long evening of undisturbed quiet, he became so restless that he determined to find what had become of his happy troupe. But imagine his chagrin on discovering as he opened the door, a great sign, stolen from some contractors no doubt, affording to all comers the startling warning: "DANGER: ROAD ROLLER AT WORK!"

One evening after the usual ejection, Gerry and I were doing Cæsar together in a far corner of the room, while Dick, at his desk near the door, was struggling with his Homer, maintaining the while a running commentary exceedingly derogatory to that good bard. Suddenly, at the sound of cautious footsteps on the stairs, he swung round in his chair and peered intently at the door-knob.

"H'm!" he grunted. "One of those fellows coming back to squirt water through the keyhole as he did last night. I'll fool him."

With this he stripped off the scanty remains of

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

his costume and stood at the door stark naked, with a wary hand on the latch. Just as the steps came opposite, he flung open the door and with his usual war-cry leaped wildly into the hall. A breathless silence followed; and then Gerry and I executed a silent dance of joy as we recognized the instructor's exclamations of surprise intermingled with Dick's stammered apologies. In a few moments he reappeared, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, a sheepish smile upon his face, and his hand convulsively stroking his chin; — a characteristic pose whenever beaten at his own game.

But, of course, a person who looks persistently for trouble, is bound sooner or later to find it. And so it was with Dick. For studying purposes he used an abominable oriental lamp which used to take fire every week or so. Whenever this happened Dick would promptly hurl the erring luminary from the window and, seizing the big fire-extinguisher in the hall, rush down to put out the flames. Yet, strange to say, the lamp seemed to pass unscathed through this repeated ordeal. One evening in March, when with the customary "wow-wow! wow! wow-wow!" he had dashed down to the rescue of his blazing lamp, he became suddenly struck with the eminent qualifications of the fire extinguisher as a weapon of offense. So, after submerging the poor, spluttering lamp in a pool of the liquid, he turned the stream in a tentative way upon the house. It worked admirably;

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

whereupon he exhausted the reservoir in administering a thick, creamy glazing to the instructor's windows. Of course, this was regarded as a grave offense; and we were all required the next morning to say whether or no we were guilty. Dick confessed, and was at once banished from the cottage to live for the rest of the year in the Latin Commons. "Sic semper rough-houseris," he sighed, as with his last load of furniture he rode sadly away — astride an inverted wash-stand, and holding in one hand the wonderful Greek clock (whose chimes had never once worked) and in the other the long-suffering oriental lamp.

IX.

CHARLIE FIELDING AGAIN. — MY "BENT."

"A news-monger he is, who meeting with his acquaintance, changing his countenance and smiling, asketh whence come you now? Is there any news stirring?"

John Earle.

By a change of divisions in the summer term, I came to sit next to Charlie Fielding, and was glad of the chance to become more intimate with him. But before long I began to think my privilege a doubtful one. For Charlie, although gifted with a keen mind and an extraordinary power of concentration, was loath to apply them to preparation for class work: instead, he would be constantly whispering to me, "What's this?" or "How do you do that?"—endeavoring in this way to keep far enough in advance of the reciter to avoid being flunked when called upon. To this practice I have always most strongly objected, not selfishly, but on grounds of self-respect. In school and in college there are those who seem to consider it an honor to have the more prominent men lean upon them in this way for support. But never, never, was popularity acquired by such sorry subserviency. Outside of class the great man notices not his friend in time of need, or if so, only to flee

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

him for a "grind" or a "greaser." Much as I admired Charlie Fielding (who was by this time grown to something of a figure in the school world) I would not endure this unequal arrangement. So one day after recitation, I put the matter to him plainly. Perhaps his fault had been one more of thoughtlessness than of deliberate intent; for he immediately apologized most handsomely, and we parted with increased mutual respect.

And this leads me to say how marvelous it is to me, in looking back upon my school and college careers, to find that more than half of my strongest friendships date from the clearing up of some dislike or prejudice. If a boy in school, or for that matter a man in the world, would make a friend of the person whom he dislikes, let him put off false modesty and say to that person, "I have been prejudiced against you for such and such reasons. And although it may matter not one whit to you whether I think good or ill of you, it matters a great deal to me. Therefore, if you do not object, please tell me the truth about this, and this." Nine times out of ten your resentment wanes with your request for explanation, and the explanation proves your prejudices unfounded; the tenth time, confessions and mutual apologies clear up the petty difference equally well. In this mode of conduct I believe may be found the deeper and more significant principles of Christian brotherhood.

From this day forward our friendship progressed so rapidly, that shortly before the close of the

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

term (when his present room-mate and mine would both graduate) we arranged to room together for the next year.

After long consultation with Charlie, I found myself forced to accept the unwelcome truth that, much as I might be for athletics, athletics were not for me. Accordingly, at his suggestion, I determined to enter the Spring competition for the editorial board of the *Phillipian*, a semi-weekly newspaper published by the school. This form of competition — known as “heeling” — although a considerable strain, I found extremely interesting. I had at last “found my bent.” Thereafter I carried always in my pocket a little reporter’s notebook, was forever waylaying people for interviews, getting access to advance sheets of debates, anticipating by several weeks any event of importance; — in short, learning as rapidly as I could the tricks of the trade. I found excitement and fascination in the rivalry to see who could write the best account of a ball game, or who could score the greatest number of “scoops,” or in case of a concert or debate on the eve of publication, who could get his copy to the printer’s first.

Our credit was measured by printed inches, editorials counting double; and at the end of June when the competition closed, I had to my credit some four hundred inches more than my nearest competitor. My election to the paper made me very happy. Not that I was by any means marked by it as one of the “big men” in the school; but

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that when I returned in the fall I should, in the words of Tom Bates, "be somebody."

After the close of recitations, I stayed only long enough to hear Dick Gardner speak his prize essay at graduation exercises, before leaving for my summer vacation. The year just concluded had been a turning point in my career: from a "freshness" of manner which had subjected me to hazing, I had progressed some little distance at least, toward the standard of young manhood held by the school. I had everything to look forward to for the next year — a good room-mate, good friends, the superior standing and privileges of an "old fellow," and best of all, increased opportunities for further improvement of character. And as I thought it all over, speeding homeward on the train, I felt tolerably well satisfied — too much so, perhaps, — with my first year at Andover.

Second Year.

I.

THE NEW CROWD.

*"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."*

Lamb.

As Charlie's was the most popular of the cottages, I gave up the half-interest which I still held in my old room to join forces with him.

My new proctor, Professor G— was popular, witty, humorously sarcastic at times, and well disposed toward us — although not the man to be imposed upon. One rainy morning Joe Wessick presented himself in a dressing gown, with a towel about his head, and in a very husky voice asked permission to cut recitations for the day.

"Take off that towel," was the reply.

Joe did so.

"Now talk in your natural voice. What's the matter with you?"

"Why — ah — nothing, I guess," stammered Joe, weakly.

"Very well. Good morning." And Joe betook himself sadly to recitations.

But in some instances Professor G — was glad to stretch a point. For instance, I have preserved

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

a little slip authorizing me to be out of the cottage after 8.00 P. M. I asked the indulgence on account of some work at the printer's which I had to do, preparatory to the next day's *Phillipian*; and Professor G —, knowing that to be no valid excuse, wrote instead: "Excused to peddle shingles," and signed his name.

His room he shared with a little black, fluffy dog deeply versed, as we used to think, in the hidden arts. For one time, when I asked Professor G— how he knew so accurately who were out of the cottage after 8.00 P. M., he explained that in his room were ten pegs, each labelled with a boy's name; and that the dog, after sniffing nightly at the crack of each door, on his return would knock down the pegs of those who were missing.

Professor G— and I have a standing joke between us regarding certain correspondence which he has religiously forwarded to me since graduation. In my first year I purchased a mackintosh at a large department store in Boston. In entering my name upon the books, a mistake evidently occurred; for I at once began to receive, addressed to "Mrs. Ewer Struly" monthly announcements of bargains in ladies' petticoats, hosiery, and a distressing list of unmentionables. These continue to reach me, readdressed by Professor G— with a heavy circle in blue pencil about the "Mrs."

Charlie Fielding I hardly know how to describe adequately. He was twenty years of age, over

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

six feet tall, with powerful limbs, handsome features, and dark hair. His prowess in broad-jumping I have already referred to. Afterward, in college, had it not been for an unfortunate accident to his knee, he would undoubtedly have broken the record in that event. He had the most muscular legs I have ever seen and could spring like a tiger. One of his favorite tricks was, with a step and a leap to clear the space between the doorway and the window seat on the opposite side of the room. In a "rough-house," he was a match for any two of us; whence he incurred the playful appellation of "Mucker," shortened for convenience to "Muck." I have described Dick Gardner's war-whoop: my new room-mate had the enviable felicity of being able to imitate to perfection the bellow of a rampant stud-horse.

"Muck" Fielding had won instant recognition at Andover. In his studies he had as I have said, a remarkable power of concentration, so that his stand was always high. Besides winning his "A" on the track, he had been made an editor of the *Phillipian*, had received an election to "X", and had been one of the Means Prize speakers.

Best natured among us was Tom Ellwood, who gradually acquired by process of accretion, the imposing title of "Peeping Tom Tittle-Bat." Never a cloud darkened that bland forehead. never an angry word passed those smiling lips; Indeed, his smile proved so abiding that he became known also as the "Cheshire Cat." Tommy must

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

have bestrode his narrow Pennsylvania town like something of a colossus, for his comings and goings were duly recorded in the local newspapers. One day, in a burst of confidence, that organ delivered itself of the following:—

“College will not corrupt our Thomas. In years hence he will return and be one of the leading barristers of Carbon County.”

Unhappily for Peeping Tom, this squib came to our attention, with the result that we soon set it to chant music and greeted him with it on all occasions.

Across the hall from us roomed two fellows who furnished most of the fun for the cottage. Although totally dissimilar in habits and tastes, they were as congenial a pair of “roomies” as could be found. One of them, Joe Wessick, a short, blonde, curly-haired lad, lithe as a cat, and the prettiest hurdler in school, was famed for a most lordly streak of laziness. Every morning as I rushed out to breakfast, I used to see him standing over the hot air register in the main room and singing like a lark, while he wriggled into the garments lying in wanton profusion about him. A sweater was always the *piece de resistance* of his morning wear. When he wished to shave (which was usually about five minutes after he was due somewhere) he would simply step over to a window-sill on which always lay a battered razor with a pot of

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

ready-made lather, whip from his pocket a small, three-cornered bit of mirror, and fall to work — singing the while in a subdued and intermittent murmur.

He had a marvelous head for what he called “contraptions.” Over his bed was a rope-and-pulley arrangement by which he could open or close his window without rising. From a peg four feet above his bedroom register (which was in the side wall near the floor) hung an oblong brick on a piece of clothes line some four and one-half feet in length. When he went to bed he used to prop this brick up against the wall with a slender stick, so that the clothes line hung slack. From the stick a bit of string was stretched to the clapper of his alarm clock. Thus when the alarm rang in the morning it would jerk the stick from beneath the brick, which in falling, would open the register without crashing to the floor. The alarm would also awaken him so that he could close his window from where he lay, and wait for the room to warm before rising.

The same “devilish ingenuity” he carried into his work. I have known him to spend hours in making out a Greek Grammar crib to fit beneath his watch crystal. His cuffs were the despair of laundries, as his fingernails — from too frequent inscribing upon them in ink the chief dates of English History — were the despair of manicurists. He had to break himself of the habit of crossing his knees, because he found it helpful for Geometry

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

tests to have the principal theorems demonstrated in a white lime preparation on the soles of his shoes. If he offered you a match from his silver pocketbox, you would as like as not find upon it a roll of light paper acquainting you with the chief irregularities of French verbs. And I verily believe, if one had inverted him and shaken him by the heels, there would have fluttered from his trouser-rolls a snowstorm of paper bits containing all the algebraic formulæ known to science.

And yet, withal, Joe was not at heart a bad fellow: the trouble was, that he was morally too lazy to call things by their right names, and mentally too lazy to lay consistent siege to a task of any size. In half the time necessary for preparing a crib, he could have got out his lessons thoroughly; for he was remarkably bright. But instead of studying Nepos he would spend his time writing parodies on it; instead of committing to memory the assignment in "L'Allegro," he would occupy himself with writing an original poem in the same style and meter on the pleasures of a matutinal cold plunge — which pleasures, by the way, he was too indolent to arise for.

Joe's room-mate was Johnny Case, a rather quiet fellow whom, for reasons forgotten to me now, we used to dub "Bull-pup"; although he indignantly asserted that he "hadn't a bull-puppyism about him." The very antipode of Joe Wessick in habits, he arose at 6.45 every morning to shuffle down stairs in a pair of warm

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

embroidered slippers. We used to be greatly amused at what Joe called "the Bull-pup's whispering whistle"—a kind of sucking sound produced by going through the motions of whistling—which, it was Joe's pet complaint, awakened him every morning from his beauty-sleep.

Besides being guilty of open-work silk socks, the "Bull-pup" was notorious for his love of "cosmetics"—a word which we applied to his bureau drawer full of soaps, tooth-powders, perfumes, and ointments. On one memorable occasion when he was out of town, we found among us a key to fit the sacred drawer. And on the following morning (Sunday) we convened in the basement for a toiletic orgy that would have put to shame the Ancients. While Joe Wessick, with a cake of pink and a cake of green soap awaiting his pleasure, floated idly about in a tub of warm water richly scented with numerous squares of bath perfume, two others were contriving to press into service for shaving, no less than five specimens of creamy lather representing the acme of the soap industry. In a corner by himself Muck Fielding was erecting on his head a mountain of snowy lather, by continued application of several brands of shampoo soap; while on a shelf near by, stood two bottles of French hair tonic for subsequent use. No one deigned to use the same soap for both hands and face, and no one considered his toilet complete without the use of at least two varieties of tooth powder and three mouth washes.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Bay rum may be said to have been "on tap:" no matter to what operation anyone had subjected himself, immediately upon its completion bay rum was freely applied. And the air was misty with flying talc powder. Before leaving the cottage, everyone perfumed his handkerchief with some kind of violet stuff. But the crowning touch was when Peeping Tom came running down with his forlorn old football jersey which he said he wished to perfume, so that in the game the next day the sweet scent would entice the runner into his arms. For more than a week the cottage remained redolent as a Turkish harem. Poor "Bull-pup"! every breath he drew during that time brought tears to his eyes.

II.

THE FEM. SEMS.

*“Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
‘Let no man enter in on pain of death’?”*
The Princess.

QUITE near the school is situated Abbott Academy — known to Andover boys as the “Fem. Sem.” — between which two institutions the most cordial relations have always existed. And may it be ever so! Certain restrictions, however, are necessary to prevent the relations from becoming over-cordial. Thus, in view of the well-known propensity of Andover fellows to serenade whenever two or three of them are gathered together Abbott Academy decrees that such melodious outpourings shall not be indulged on the one hand and suffered on the other, at a distance less than sixty feet from the outer walls of the building. Although the delicious possibility of bouquets and ribbons is thus obviated, you can, in spite of such Draconian regulation, enjoy a genuine thrill and flutter at the sight of merry faces in the windows and the clapping of dainty hands.

Yet beyond this magic circle and upon holy ground an occasional daring wight has been known to venture, and (Heaven forgive her!) an

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

occasional fair lady to darken her room at the sound of light pebble on the window, and lean forth from her towered casement for sweet, whispered converse in the starry silence of the night. Sometimes, too, a small basket has been lowered for eager hands to take thence sweets "by fairy fingers moulded." But all this is dangerous; for in the shadow of those ivy-clad walls stalks a monster — an Argus for his hundred eyes, a Briareus for his hundred hands, sole exponent upon these premises of the masculine way of thinking — the night watchman. Tremble at his name, and flee his flashing night-stick; for a blackened eye at morning chapel allows of but one interpretation!

Strange things have happened. Not far from either school is that maple-arched lane, that primrose path, known as the "Old Railroad"—a name to conjure up tender recollections — where of a warm May afternoon, at perilous risk—ah, well! I suppose of course the place is forgotten now. In my album is a bit of violet-colored paper, still sweet with the faint perfume of yesterday.

"My dear Mr. Struly," it says: "I am sorry to have to tell you that I cannot go strolling at the Old Railroad with Miss — tomorrow afternoon. The idea of putting 'No' in my window did not impress me as being a good way to tell you and Mr.—, so instead, I am taking the most direct way to let you know.

"Now the fact is, the honor of being invited to

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

a tea at the November Club has been conferred upon me, also the privilege of asking any young man of my acquaintance. So please accept my invitation and walk toward the November Club instead of Pomp's Pond.

"If you have already spoken to Mr.—about going to walk, will you tell him we may see him some other time — perhaps? Really, Mr. Struly, I think I shall not make any more plans to go walking — it is 'exciting,' but awfully hard on us if we are discovered.

"Please do not think (I never did understand this part of the letter) there will be no other fellows at the tea(!) I think a good many have been invited, so I need not feel timid on that account (?) Hoping you will receive this in time to consider the tea, I am most sincerely etc."

Ah, former young ladies of Abbott, and former young men of Andover! How many of us, I wonder, have found our paths in life one-half so bewitching, fragrant, and soft, as that Old Railroad in the spring time!

Although the "Fem. Sems." were regular in attendance at our athletic games and forensic contests, only on rare occasions were such visits returned. It has long been an annual custom at Abbott to hold on the lawn behind the school building what is (by courtesy) called a field day. At this no outsiders are allowed to intrude their profane presence. But not even Argus Briareus Watchman, Esq., could prevent us from climbing

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

neighboring trees and fences, thence to witness gleefully the three-legged, wheelbarrow, and sack-races.

The event of the day, however (which we *were* allowed to see) was always the baseball game (also by courtesy so called) between two of the classes. As umpire, the authorities used to choose Mr. Stearns, nominally because of an All-American baseball record at college, but actually, as we used to think, because of his degree at a Theological Seminary.

At the appointed hour the two teams appear upon the field becomingly attired in blue suits bearing the class numerals, and (save the mark!) red stockings. All are provided with mits and a large indoor baseball is used. The out-field plays so close in that when a battress (?) hits the ball, both teams, with a scream as of Sabine women betrayed, commingle in one blurred cloud of blue relieved only by an occasional flash (again save the mark!) of red. When the clamor and commotion subsides, and the players remember where they last were, the next ball is pitched. At the end of the sixth and last inning the Seniors, as I remember it, have usually defeated the Juniors by a score of about 85 to 60.

One other opportunity of expressing as a body our approval of the Fem. Sems. was at their basket ball contests with visiting teams. When the game began, we would be lined up in serried ranks just beyond the fence. At given intervals our cheer

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

leaders, throwing off their coats and affecting the most monstrous exertions, would evoke from us the following cheer, in shrill, soprano notes:—

“Ootsey — Wootsey!
Tickle — Tickle!
Fui — Fui — Fudge!
Abbott! Abbott!
Rah, rah! Rah, rah!”

By procuring letters of sanction from home, and by sundry twitchings of the customary red tape, a young lady of Abbott Academy may obtain permission to have a certain young man call upon her — but not oftener than every other Friday evening. At a quarter before nine o'clock, having sent in your card to be checked off in “Love’s Ledger” (as the calling book is named) you go with a number of your fellows into a large parlor on the right of the hall, where you draw together two chairs and sit in one of them to wait. Opening off from one side of the parlor is a small alcove which, if your desire for privacy be great enough, you may secure for yourself by reporting at seven o'clock, and waiting on the steps till eight forty-five; for the alcove goes to the first comer, and no one is admitted earlier than fifteen minutes before nine. Promptly at nine, such young ladies as have received cards, come filing through a side door; and as you half rise from your chair, to step forward the instant that your charmer appears, you feel absurdly as if dodging the interference to

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

make an end tackle. Soon the couples are all seated and the low hum of confidential nothings pervades the room. But not for long; for at twenty-five minutes after nine rings a bell, at which the nothings give place to sighs and languishing glances of parting. Five minutes later the bell rings again; you rise immediately and take your departure as shortly as possible.

I may have given the impression so far, that I got into no scrapes of my own. But the truth is, that my propensity to "get in wrong" was so marked, that Joe Wessick, struck no doubt by a similar aptitude in that gentleman of the comic supplement, successfully started the nick-name for me of "Happy Hooligan." I had at this time, by hook and crook, gained admission to the calling lists of two young ladies, so that I was a frequent visitor at the Fem. Sems.; and as Joe Wessick's name appeared on the same two lists we used to go together nearly every Friday, taking turn and turn about.

One December evening, in an evil hour, we determined to get the alcove by the usual two-hour method, only that, being partners in the enterprise, we could take turns at guard. Our patience was duly rewarded and we passed a very cosy half hour. Just before the final bell, one of the young ladies had been describing to us the new library in which were hung all past class and athletic pictures. Joe and I expressed a lively desire to see the room.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

“Would you really like to?” she asked.

“Would we!” exclaimed Joe and I expressively; and then Joe added absently, “But, of course, you would not dare to take us.”

“Why not?” replied this modern Eve, mischievously.

At this we “sat up and began to take notice,” as Joe would say. As we were out of sight from the room across the hall, we finally decided, when the main parlor should be cleared, to attempt the expedition. When the last caller was gone, we four tip-toed across to the door by which the two girls had originally entered. But, to my everlasting regret, just as I was closing the door behind me, I heard a suspicious sound and hastily re-entered to reconnoitre. Everything quiet. And then, imagine my distress upon retracing my steps, to find not a soul in sight! However, I could not tamely give up at the outset; so I started down a narrow hall way, which brought me unexpectedly by a pantry door. Within, a maid terrified at sight of a male being in such a place, let fall her pan with a reverberant crash. Like a ghost at cock-crow I whisked out of sight and started to explore in a new direction — only to find myself in the long dining room, silent and deserted. After a hasty, curious survey of this place from the threshold, I was just turning to continue my search when — Ye gods and little green apples! — I beheld one of the teachers bearing upon down me. It was too late to escape; there was nothing for it

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

but, with the sheepish air of a small boy detected with his thumb in the jelly-bowl, to await capture. I did not have to wait long.

Of what happened between the time of my capture and final arrival into the night air, I have only dim recollections. I seem to remember vaguely a stammered attempt at apology on my part, and on the part of my captress a frigid silence accompanied by a perceptible falling of the barometer. When safely outside I had some consolation, at least, in the thought that Joe must be more hopelessly involved in that labyrinth than I had been. Soon the door opened, and with a faint "good night" to some one within, Joe came out to join me. It seemed that he, too, had in some way been separated from his guides and abandoned to his fate. His downfall was caused by the howl of a cat on whose paw he had stepped, in some dark passage-way.

The next day we despatched to the school two very humble and contrite letters, which were accepted with a kindness greater than we merited. The reply to my letter, which I still preserve, runs as follows:

"My dear Mr. Struly:

"Your note of apology I am very glad to receive cordially. It is a way of learning not very comfortable — this of making such reproof necessary. But it proves helpful to gentlemanly behaviour later. The penalty must be borne, of

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

course, but when I see fit to remove it, it will be with a confidence in your frankness which I trust will make us good friends.

“You will remember that when you are invited to call, even in a large family, you are not quite free to follow the children’s invitation into the family rooms. And while I might have been glad to escort you myself, had my permission been asked, I do not allow callers to go outside the parlour except upon invitation.

“Let us hope that we shall not be so unfortunate again.

“Very truly yours, etc.”

Although in relating this incident, I have purposely treated it lightly — as being a thing of the past — I sincerely hope that no words of mine may appear to bear the slightest trace of disrespect to the writer of the above letter. For I would not knowingly offend one for whom I have the greatest respect, and who in several instances showed me so much kindness when I deserved so little.

III.

THINGS BEGIN TO COME MY WAY.

"When I see a man who does not think pretty well of himself, I always suspect him of being in the right."

Stevenson.

DURING the winter term of my first year I had received from two of the less known societies overtures which I had without hesitation declined. I had early made up my mind to consider no offer except from one of the three famous societies (which to avoid giving offense, I shall call "X," "Y," and "Z") and before long I had further determined that, as far as I was concerned, "X" was the best of them all. That society, though not at all sure what I should do if approached by "Y" or "Z," I had secret hopes of some day making.

For several days previous to the Thanksgiving recess, I noticed that the "Z" fellows began to frequent our room; yet as they came apparently with no definite purpose, I concluded that it was only to visit with Muck Fielding. But on the evening before the vacation, I was greatly surprised to be offered a pledge to their society. I felt a very pardonable pride in receiving this honor from some of the very fellows who had so ably assisted at my hazing a year ago. And manly, clean-cut

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

fellows they were. After some hesitation I gained their consent to a day or so in which to make my decision.

When I reached home I laid the whole matter before my father.

"Well, my son," said he, "is this the best society in school?"

"Why, that's more or less a matter of opinion," I replied; "a good many think it is."

"Yes, but do *you* think so? If you had a chance to join whichever one you pleased, would you choose this one?"

"N — — no, I think not."

"Very well, then. That would settle the matter for me. If I were in your place I should take for my motto, 'aut Caesar, aut nullus,' and paste it in my hat. I should much prefer to be a respectable nullus than anything short of Caesar. But remember, this is your affair. You have been done a great honor, and if you join this society you will undoubtedly be very happy in it. The only thing for you to consider now is, whether it is not worth while to risk this honor for a greater."

Good advice, of course; but I had yet to wrestle many hours alone before I could bring myself to accept it. I came to the right decision, however. And on my return to Andover, with what grace I could, I declined the pledge to "Z."

Soon after Christmas I had another surprise: my name was proposed by the athletic advisory committee, along with two others, to be voted on

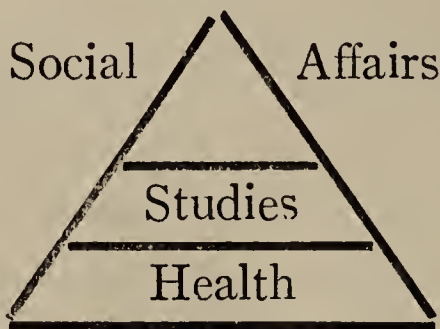
MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

by the school for the position of football manager. As this is an honor second only to playing on the football or baseball team, I was naturally much elated. For although I little hoped to be elected I was greatly pleased to be thought of in the connection; and expressed as much in a very buoyant letter to my father. His reply was as follows:

“Dear Son:

I see that you are up to your old trick of trying to sit on several stools at once. As I have said many times already and am prepared to say many times more, this is impossible; you will surely fall between them. What put this managership bee in your bonnet? You have already chosen your line of activity — the *Phillipian* — and a good one it is. Why not content yourself with doing one thing well, rather than two things indifferently? You are spreading, spreading, spreading!

“Again let me remind you of the pyramid:



So long as you keep it standing on its base, good. As soon as you attempt to stand it on its apex, as you now seem anxious to do, a breakdown in everything sure!

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

“Don’t let your head be turned. I am as much pleased as you are, at every honor which comes to you. But for heaven’s sake don’t be flustered! You have chosen your goal: make for it! Never mind how sweetly the sirens may sing by the way.

“Aff.,

F.”

By the time I was in receipt of this letter, the election had gone against me — fortunately for me, as I now believe, and fortunately for the school as the exceptionally competent work of the new manager soon proved. The winner received 169 votes; I drew 112; and the third candidate, 92. Never was pill more sweetly coated. The gratification of knowing that 112 of my schoolmates thought me worthy the position, far outweighed any passing regret I may have felt; and I still regard with no small complacency the final bulletin of the election, which I preserve in my scrap book as a memento. A few weeks after this, I was completely reconciled to my defeat by an election as Editor-in-Chief of the *Phillipian* for the following year.

As good fortunes, like misfortunes, never come singly, I must protract a little longer this vain-glorious chapter. One evening while I was in Joe Wessick’s room, Muck Fielding called to me from across the hall. I found him with three other “X” fellows, and somehow, by an air of constraint which seemed to prevail, I felt that the great moment was at hand.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

"Ewer Struly," said one of the fellows, in a serious tone, "are you under obligation to any society in this school?"

"No," I replied.

"Then I am authorized to offer you a pledge to 'X.' Do you accept?"

Oh the joy of that moment! "Yes!" I exclaimed, seizing his outstretched hand. A round of congratulations followed, in which Muck Fielding nearly shook me off my feet.

This happened on Saturday evening. Seven o'clock Monday evening found me, with much curiosity and no little trepidation, knocking at the front room in the Reed House. No sooner was I admitted, than I was made to stand on the window-seat, while all the "X" fellows lolled about expectantly at the opposite side of the room.

"Roll your trousers up to your knees!" shouted one.

"Off with your coat and vest!" cried another.

These directions I was proceeding to obey with a smile, when —

"Wipe off that smile!" shouted someone.

I looked puzzled.

"Wipe it off!" he reiterated, illustrating how it was to be done. So I went through the motions of wiping it off with my hand.

"Now," said the master of ceremonies, "the lights will go off for two seconds. When they come on again, you will give us the best imitation you can of 'Rebecca at the Well.' "

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Out went the lights; and when they flashed up again, I had struck some kind of pose for the occasion. For some minutes I was kept busy at this, representing in succession "Minerva Leaping Full-armed from the Head of Jupiter," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "St. Dunstan and the Devil," "A Cat with Kittens," "John L. Sullivan Refusing a Drink," "Lady Macbeth with the Candle," and a host of others.

After this I was instructed to debate both sides of the soul-stirring question, "Resolved: That chicken-coops are a preventative of chicken-pox." Then I was asked to solve the problem: "If it takes three yards of chamois to make a pair of breeches for an elephant, how long will it take a cockroach with a wooden leg to bore through a lump of sugar?" Also an answer was demanded to the question: "If a hen and a half, lays an egg and a half, in an hour and a half, how long will it take how many hens to lay how many eggs?" Innumerable were the calls upon me for funny stories. But from start to finish I would be interrupted by ceaseless questions, and sharply taken up if I did not always reply "Yes sir," "No, sir," and "What, sir?" At the end of a story every one would shout, "Go on! go on!"

"But that is the end, sirs."

"What was the point?"

I would explain.

"Is it a funny story?"

"It's meant to be, sirs."

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

“Well, laugh then; laugh! Always laugh and rub your chest, after this, when you come to the point. Now explain why and in what way the story is funny.”

Here was an audience to cry down the most skilful of raconteurs!

Well, this “horsing” lasted about two hours, after which I was sent home with orders to report again the following evening. I was also instructed to run errands for any member of the society, to bring newspapers to each one before breakfast, to touch my hat and say “Sir” when I met them on the street, and to keep one pocket always filled with cigarettes and another with gum-drops, for their use.

Three more evenings I underwent the same tedious ordeal — giving stories, speeches, debates, imitations, and making love to sofa-pillows — until I thought my patience would be clean exhausted. But as I left the Reed House on Thursday evening, I received a welcome change in my instructions; I was to report the next evening at the town square immediately after the dance.

I had scarcely gained the appointed rendezvous, when someone seized me roughly by the shoulder and ordered me to go as fast as I could to a certain deserted spot about a mile distant from the town. All the way I trotted, through the slush and mud, spurred on by the excitement of the thing, until I rested at last near a queer little shanty somewhat set back from the road.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

It was a chill, damp night, and I paced back and forth to keep warm, till at last I began to wonder if this were not simply a trick to see how long I would stay it out. But just then a slight breeze brought faint strains of harmony to my ears. I knew the "X" fellows were coming. It was a strange dirge they were singing, and as the sound drew slowly nearer and nearer, I experienced an unpleasant, creepy sensation.

What happened on this eventful evening I must, unfortunately, leave to conjecture. However, on the following night and at the same spot, I underwent an ordeal as stringent as any I know of — and I have since gone through several of the kind. Between two strong fellows I was then run, blindfolded, across fields and fences and roads, to the "X" Society House. Up the steps I was led; and while my conductors are fumbling for their keys I must again, unfortunately, make my bow to any who may have accompanied me thus far. Suffice it to say that I went home that night a sore, but very, very happy boy, wearing upon me the precious gold pin of the society about which cluster my pleasantest recollections of Andover, and in which I began more than one life-long friendship.

IV.

REAL PAGES FROM A REAL DIARY.

October 2.— Dick and I made our first visit to old Alan Hinton's ramshackle place. But when the old darky cake-walked in with some of his famous tutti-frutti ice cream, we forgot the seediness of his joint. Home at 8 and studied.

October 10.— Went out with Battler after partridges near Pomp's Pond. He shot two and I hit one — I think. She didn't stop to argue with me, though. Battler has trouble with his eyes and can't study by lamplight. Gets up at 5 A. M., and cooks breakfast. Nice fellow, but too studious for mine.

November 9.— Went out for the Phillips Street football team. About thirty reported. Tom Bates is to coach us. We spent about an hour falling on the ball and making tackles. Lame as a horse when I got through.

November 14.— As I was coming home from practice to-day, Tom Bates said to me, "You played a good game to-day, Struly." Several upperclassmen were with him at the time and it made me feel pretty fine.

November 18.— This morning the men started to gather up the apples on the school grounds; so we hustled out and picked up a barrellful for cottage use. Stored them in the garret.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

November 20.—Phillips Street was defeated in the first game of the series, by School Street. Hard luck, but we did our best. I got a sweet-looking eye from someone's cleated shoe, while trying to break up an end run. I'm glad it's over, on the whole.

December 4.—Heard a good one on Wang, the Chinaman. He was complaining to Professor B—that his clothes were not like what the other fellows wear — not “shtylish as you say.” Professor B—told him they were certainly good enough to wear till Christmas, and then he could get some new ones. “But you see,” said Wang, “before I left China I had fifteen suits made up all alike from the same cloth!” Exit Professor B—.

December 13 — About half past seven this evening, a dozen of us met at the old cider mill. We pried open the door of the storeroom easily enough and rolled out a big barrel of cider. Then we turned a sled upside down and drew the barrel home on the runners. It was fierce work, but the stuff is now safely hidden near the track.

December 15 — “Sir Walter” heard about the cider and advised us to hire a team and send it back and apologize. It's pretty hard on us, but what “Sir Walter” says, usually goes.

January 9 — Fred Cary, a rich fellow from Boston, came up with me on my way back from vacation, to look at the school. He thinks of coming next year. Took him to Chap's for supper.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

He seemed to think the place pretty dingy and uninteresting, and when Chap came in with our poached eggs, *barefoot*, Fred got up and ran out of the place. Don't think he'll come to Andover, but I guess we can get on without him.

February 2 — There's been the deuce of a stink around the cottage lately, and to-day Professor G — discovered our barrel of apples upstairs, all rotten and watery. We had forgotten all about it. It was awful work carrying it down.

February 8 — A guy came in with some Cuban cigars which he wanted to sell for \$15.00 a box. Muck offered him \$1.50 and the fellow jumped at the chance. The first one made Muck sick and he threw the rest away. Hot duffies and pancakes for supper tonight. What struck Aunt Hattie?

March 1 — Woke up this morning and found over two feet of snow outside — a regular blizzard has been going all day. It was so bad this morning that everybody had to go to church in boots and sweaters.

March 3 — "Murph" the cabdriver, tried to commit suicide last night. He tied a chloroform sponge over his nose, but drank so much whiskey to keep up his courage, that he was still alive in the morning. Every one has jollied him so that he says he's going to clear out.

March 10 — Whole bunch of us went skating at Pomp's Pond this afternoon. Divided up sides and had some good hockey. When we got back

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Battler was dressing three rabbits which he cooked for us in his chafing dish late in the evening. Yum! Yum!

March 16 — Good sliding on Main Street hill this afternoon. We had the "X" ripper and went like sin. On our last trip we hit a drunken tramp and sent him so high that we passed clean under him before he fell. He was too drunk to get hurt.

April 18 — Some men came around with cloth for suits which they said they had smuggled in from Scotland. I didn't need any more clothes, but the bargains were so good that I bought enough for a new suit. Went out for the Phillips Street ball team.

April 30 — I wrote Father about my bargain in the cloth, and he wrote back that he was swindled in the same way at college. I took the stuff down to Billy Burns and he says it wasn't smuggled in at all, but just cheap, unshrunk cloth and won't be even enough for one suit.

May 1 — We heard to-day that all our missing watches, money, and jewelry have been swiped by those fellows who are selling cloth. We got a crowd together, ran down to the station, and caught them just as their train was coming in. We ran them all the way out to Pomp's pond and ducked them both at least ten times. Then we chased them into the woods. I guess they'll cross Andover off their list next time. About nine o'clock someone rang in a false alarm on Main Street. The firemen were furious.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

May 11 — Was fired out of Professor F—'s class for the fifth time straight. He is so sarcastic that I forget what I want to say. I explained to him afterwards, and he said he would put on a muzzle after this when he called on me. Another false fire alarm.

May 19.— Phillips Street won the championship to-day by defeating Commons. I pitched seven innings out of the nine and only let five men walk. But I was rotten at bat — like all great pitchers, I suppose.

May 22.— Two Commons fellows climbed up the eaves pipe in back of the main building last night and swiped the Greek exam. papers for the monthly test. When "Sir Walter" and Tom Bates heard about it, they and some others told the fellows that they must return the papers and confess, or else leave school. They returned them and "Sir Walter" succeeded in persuading the faculty to let them stay in school on probation. Everyone was sore as a crab about it.

May 24 — Another false alarm. The fellows jollied the life out of the firemen on their way back. The townspeople are crazy and Chief Frye swears he'll arrest someone next time sure.

May 29.— All the fellows in the cottage went down to Pomp's Pond in running suits to take a swim. The water was great. "Reddy" West swam about a hundred yards, wearing his cap and smoking his pipe at the same time.

June 4.— Yesterday afternoon the senior class

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

went to Boston for its class dinner. We had the first three rows solid for "Liberty Belles" in the afternoon. All the girls in the show wore Andover ribbons and we encored again and again. Dinner at Young's Hotel. Several good speeches. "Mac" represented the faculty.

June 9 — The mystery is solved. Last night about eight o'clock someone sent in a false alarm from the firebox near Allan's Drug Store. Chief Frye was hot on the trail and came rushing in to Pat Hannon's with a clue. He had found a pair of slippers right under the firebox. But when he got them to the light, they proved to be his own! Stung again, Chief!

June 11.— For some days they have been moving one of the old Commons down Main Street on rollers. Joe Wessick said last night he was going to play a joke on them and told us to be sure and look at the house this morning. We did, and found the old shanty moving slowly down the street with a great sign on the front: "No bathing on this beach without suits."

V.

MORE SCRAPES.

. *"I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders."*
Henry VIII.

ONE crisp winter afternoon, Muck Fielding and I had planned for a good loaf, with the able assistance of a dozen oranges and one of Nick Carter's immortal classics. But we were hardly seated before the fire, when the sound of feminine voices reached our ears. Muck stepped to the window.

"Fem. Sems. with a bob-sled," he announced. "By Judas, I don't believe they know which end goes first!— they can't seem to get started. Let's help 'em, Happy!"

Jumping into our sweaters, we went gallantly to the rescue, and as Muck knew one of the girls, we were soon introduced all around. It seemed no one of them would undertake the responsible duty of steering the bob down that steep Phillips Street hill; whereupon Muck eagerly volunteered his services, and I, not to be outdone, agreed to push off.

When, after the usual fuss and flurry, all were seated, I pushed the sled as hard as I could for nearly a hundred feet. The road was half frozen and the bob-sled fairly heavy; it was the fastest

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

ride I can remember. The girls were so frightened, that their intermittent screams on the way down, sounded strangely like a steam calliope playing on the high notes. As we neared the sharp turn at the foot of the hill, with great presence of mind Charlie shouted, "All lean to the left!"—and somehow we rounded it safely. Beyond, the road crossed a swamp on an eight-foot embankment; and ahead of us on this stretch, we were horrified to see a huge wagon loaded with empty barrels. Just as we were on the point of turning out, one of the barrels fell to the road directly in our path. In a trice Muck had jerked the front sled half round to the right: we avoided the barrel beautifully and — plunged over the embankment, Fem. Sems., bob-sled and all; and the ensemble of screams — that final presentation of the original theme after staccato variations — was smothered in a feathery snow-drift.

Having stuck manfully (or fearfully) to our ship, Charlie and I had fallen quite close to the road, where the snow was light. But oh, for words, for phrases, for figures, to describe the *melée* before us! For I can think of nothing but the confused assortment of the "remnant counter." However, a tremor soon ran through the inanimate mass; one or two snow-rimmed faces appeared; and the roll was called with everyone answering and no casualties. Muck and I again proffered our services as *motorneer* and conductor, but were

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

told that aside from dragging the bob-sled up the hill, we could be of no assistance.

As the girls had to confess, on their return, the heinous sin of having coasted with two Phillips boys, the barometer of my favor with the Abbott authorities, after its fleeting rally, again fell rapidly.

But even this was not the worst; the final, sickening demolition of that barometer was to come. And it was all because of a second-hand Virgil which I had the misfortune to purchase. On the title page was the name "Minnie Burdette," and along the margins was a running commentary in the same handwriting, so clever and so witty that it made Virgil almost pleasant reading. At length I determined to express my appreciation to Miss Burdette herself.

Concluding — perish the minute of that thought! — that she must be an ex-Fem. Sem., I composed a letter to her, in which, after praising her wit, I launched out into a graceful, yet withal modest, statement of my own age, sex, and previous condition of servitude; with a concluding request that if the description interested her, she would favor me with a reply. This egregious epistle I directed to Abbott Academy with instructions to forward.

Weeks passed during which I watched in vain for the arrival of a dainty missive "in such a hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring East." So, concluding that my letter was wasting its sweetness on the desert nature of some

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Dead Letter official, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts.

One day I received from the Registrar a polite request to call at my earliest convenience. As usual, I had at this time exhausted my allowance of marks, and my first thought was that this was the cause of the summons. But I was soon to be undeceived.

"Struly," said the Registrar very gravely, "you wrote a letter not long ago to a young lady at Abbott, with whom you were unacquainted."

I blushed.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "no such person as Miss Minnie Burdette ever attended Abbott.

I smiled a faint, helpless smile.

"Consequently, in the natural order of things, your letter came to the attention of the faculty — by whom it was read."

I gasped.

"Feeling such an attempt prejudicial to the tone and privacy of the school, they at once sent your letter to me, with the request that you be dismissed from school."

I groped blindly for support.

"As I could not, of course, act alone in the matter, last Monday evening in faculty-meeting I read your letter aloud."

Darkness closed over me.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha—"

I opened my eyes. The Registrar was laughing!

"A good one on you! Why, you know, I never

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

in all my life saw Dr. Bancroft laugh so hard. The tears literally rolled down his cheeks. Finally he said, 'Gentlemen, we can't afford to lose a boy who can write letters like that — not for worlds! He has prolonged my life by at least a year!' Here is your letter."

They say that every man bears about him, close to the spine, the useless remnant of a once prehensile tail, the dwindling legacy of our common ancestor, old Probably Arboreal. I can vouch for the fact; for as I slunk shamefacedly from the Registrar's office, I felt the long-dormant muscles making unwonted efforts to droop that now extinct, but once most expressive of members.

Thus far my adventures with the fair sex have had disastrous endings, and it is fitting that I should conclude this chapter with one of a different stripe.

One Sunday a young lady whose home is in Andover invited me to go driving with her in the afternoon. I was naturally much pleased and accepted with enthusiasm. We took a long drive — I don't remember where — but so long, that when I suddenly realized that I had completely forgotten that popular exercise known as afternoon chapel, said exercise was already over. And the cut which I had to take, brought my neck neatly below the guillotine of suspension. But Miss —, when she heard of my plight, had the kindness and tact to approach several of the faculty

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

with vague innuendoes as to the lameness and general debilitation of her horse. So delicately was it done, that, although she declared to me her conscience was light in the matter, the faculty declined to admit the sloth of any such spineless, effete quadruped as ground for suspension; which proves that the camel can vault neatly, almost gracefully, through the needle's eye — provided the needle be in apt hands.

Third Year.

I.

MY NEW ROOM-MATE — TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR.

“ . . . and the little black copy boys are whining . . . like tired bees, and most of the paper is as blank as Modred's shield.”

Kipling.

AT the end of my middle year our cottage lost only three of its worthy inmates, among whom were Joe Wessick and my room-mate, Muck Fielding. Upon a third and last matrimonial venture I embarked with Lewis Dalton, a handsome lad of as genial, sunny, and affectionate nature as I have ever known. To be sure he had a tendency to “belly-ache” (as we called it) in a comic way, but there was no trace of pessimism or sourness in it; only circumstances were forever in ludicrous combination against him; he hadn't heard from home in weeks; he would surely be dropped next term; he hadn't a cent to his name, etc. I never knew a fellow of so strong a social yearning. He could not even study by himself, but must go out into the highways and constrain his friends to come in. Thus congregated they would spend hours in preparing a lesson, three-quarters of the

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

time being devoted to scuffling and laughing. As I had myself too much cause for hard application to fare along any such flowery path to knowledge, I would have nothing to do with them during study hours; and they obliged me by holding session behind closed doors. Yet with all his lack of method, and with all his "belly-aching," when the returns came in from Yale a year later, Lew was among the exalted few to enter college without conditions. Poor Lew! after eight years' indulgence at Andover and at Yale, of that desire for companionship, to be by the irony of fate singled out for a most lonely career!

A great part of my time in senior year was taken up with the *Phillipian*. There were some five or six other members of the board, classed either as "associate editors," or simply "editors;" but as we had an ill-perfected division of labor, practically the entire management fell upon me. Football games in the autumn and baseball games in the spring, made it comparatively easy to fill the paper during those terms. But in the long winter term came the rub. Many a time I have presented myself at the printing office, empty in pocket and head, yet knowing that I must within two hours produce, somehow, enough copy to fill those two gaping columns in the "form."

The printing house, modest and unpretentious enough, yet better equipped than from the size of Andover might be expected, was almost in the

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

center of the town. Thither on Mondays and Thursdays I used to carry as much copy as I could scrape together at such short notice; the rest to follow early on the mornings of publication (Wednesday and Saturday). Most of the actual writing was done by "heelers"—fellows who were competing for positions on the board—and my work, in addition to producing one or two editorials, was mainly that of correcting and rewriting. Often a concert, debate, or lecture would take place on Tuesday or Friday evening; in which case it would be so late before the "stories" were finally written, that I used to have the "heelers" hang their manuscripts from their windows before retiring; then, on my sunrise journey down Main Street to the printer's, I could chassé gracefully from curb to curb, plucking on either hand these copious rolls of literary confection.

During all the winter term I had to rise soon after six in the morning on days of publication, and plod through the unshovelled streets to be at the printer's when the doors opened. Varied and unscrupulous were the devices to which I resorted to fill that precious sheet. My favorite was, in a long communication, to make violent attack upon some feature of school life, under the *nom de plume* of "Freethinker" or "Fairplay." Often this would evoke voluntary replies from the watchdogs of conservatism; but if not, I took up my pen on the next morning of publication to pour out upon the rash heads of "Freethinker" and

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

“Fairplay” the full measure of my scorn. Thus for weeks at a time would the controversy between combatative pseudonyms rage up and down the columns, to my own keen delight and to the faint wonder of subscribers.

When driven back into my own trenches, and hard pressed by superior numbers of empty columns, I used, as a last resort, to set my back firmly against an obituary and fight till the paper went to press. Now there was a certain member of the faculty who always kept track of the alumni, and any items pertaining to them he used to turn over to me twice a week. So wonderful were his qualifications for this work, that he was supposed to know every living graduate by sight, name and reputation. It was therefore the chill fear of detection by this gentleman which withheld my hand from promiscuous slaughter. But on several occasions, I managed to commit successful homicide.

It was a delicate undertaking. In the first place I had to select some name *not* in the list of graduates. Then, to explain this apparent inconsistency, and at the same time to effectually cover my tracks, I had to state that the deceased had left school before graduation. As record is kept only of actual graduates, the obituary heading

“EBENEZER BROCKTON SMITH, P. A., EX.-'63,” would defy investigation. Of course it goes

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

without saying that I selected for my fell design an ex-member of a class which had graduated at least thirty-five years before, and made sure that no one of the faculty or townspeople had ever been members of that class. This done, I was ready to delve in the harrowing details.

Obviously I could not bring the victim to his untimely end in New York, Boston, or other large cities where there are Andover associations. Nor were the smaller eastern towns less dangerous. And I did not feel it safe to state that he graduated from any college, because the *Phillipian* exchanged with all the college papers. In short, immediately after his departure from school, I had to spirit him away to the South or West, where I could reward him with success in some typical walk of life, crown his endeavors with the hand of an heiress, dignify his declining years with promising children, and at last bring him to a peaceful end. Or, if I wished, to make the account readable, I could bring upon him severe financial reverses, and cut him down in the prime of life by wasting disease; but this type of obituary I found too provocative of comment to bear repetition.

When the last inch of space was provided for, old "Mack," the genial Irish foreman, would buckle on his apron, roll a fresh quid into his elastic cheek, and announce that he was ready. As he picked each article from the galley and read me the headline, I would instruct him where to put

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

it. In this wise I tried to give the sheet some uniformity of appearance.

At ten o'clock I used to repair for breakfast to "Chap's," the little store where, as Muck Fielding used to declare, you could buy "anything from a collar button to a round trip to Chicago." Seating myself at one of the tables in a little booth at the side, I would amuse myself in deciphering the old names and inscriptions carved in great profusion on the walls and table-top, while silent, grey-bearded Ovid Chapman busied himself about some poached eggs and a cup of coffee.

I managed to go through my year as editor-in-chief without incurring any horse-whippings or being tarred and feathered by irate readers. But I had one or two amusing experiences.

My first editorial was on the subject of the baseball game that afternoon with the Yale University nine. Andover has always considered herself a match for any college team in the country; indeed, her schedule includes no preparatory schools except Exeter, and she has defeated Harvard once, and Yale in more than one game. But it is one thing to *feel* this, and quite another to *say* it. I made the mistake of saying it. From the tone of my editorial you might have inferred that Andover was accustomed to put on sack-cloth and ashes if defeated by Yale, and that all the world would burst into derisive laughter if that unforeseen thing happened. It did happen, by a score of nine to two, as I remember it. And I shall never forget

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

my chagrin when, as a Freshman at Yale, I saw my unlucky editorial posted on the wall of the Yale Daily News office, the score in red ink directly below it, and the margins filled with comment.

During the Spring Track Meet I took my position close by the turn of the track, in order to have an unobstructed view of the races. From this coigne of vantage I saw, as I think few others did, one of the runners in the mile race foul the man ahead of him. The next morning, in a scathing editorial I adverted openly to this act and concluded with a paragraph of severe moralizing.

That afternoon the victim of my caustic remarks stopped me near the school building.

"Did you write that editorial this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"What did you mean by it?"

"You ought to know. I saw you do it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, you don't think I'm going to let that insult pass, do you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I'll show you. Not here, in broad daylight, but sometime soon."

"Very well," I replied, with an effort to appear cool; for the fellow was so powerful that I knew he could thrash me one-handed.

The same evening on returning to my room, one of the fellows told me that C— had been blustering about the cottage, denying that he had fouled, and threatening to "show me a thing or two." I

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

thought no more of it, but went to my desk to study. A few moments later the outside door was burst open and someone came stamping upstairs. Feeling instinctively that it was C—, I closed my book and prepared to die as game as possible. But suddenly I heard a whoop from upstairs, and a sound of splashing water, followed by cursings from C—. I hurried to the door just in time to see a solid phalanx come rushing down the stairs, seize the dripping C— by the scruff of the neck and the bosom of the trousers, and rush him off across the campus. What was done with him I do not know; no one ever told me, and I never asked, but I dare say he found that public sentiment ran fairly strong against foul play.

Many other incidents of a similar nature I could relate; and might, if I did not feel that having devoted so small a place to the more important matter of athletics, it is hardly becoming to intrude too long an account of my own particular line of activity.

II.

THE "CLASS GAME."

*"They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a herte made colde."*

Old Ballad.

As a rule class-distinction at Andover is but mildly observed, and companionship between members of classes two or more years apart is not at all uncommon. Only on the day of the annual baseball game between the Junior-Middle and Middle classes is such discrimination observed — and then most gloriously!

I remember with especial distinctness the class game of my Senior year. On the evening before, while everyone else was busied with inscribing his class numerals in variegated coats of paint on every conceivable smooth surface, two Latin Commons fellows who were working their way through school by driving a wagon for a Lawrence laundry, prostituted that vehicle to the felonious purpose of kidnapping the Junior-Middle battery. As our class was in sympathy with the bereaved nine, we felt it our duty when the news reached us, to organize searching parties. For miles about, the country was scoured, until by a happy chance

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

we found the outraged players late that night literally hitched by chain and padlock to the wall of a country wagon-shed. Within reach was food for their term of imprisonment, a pack of cards, and some magazines; and when discovered they were trying to sleep on straw pallets provided by their humane captors. By our united efforts the staples were soon pulled from the rafters and the prisoners borne to a locksmith for the removal of the infamous shackles. It was then arranged that they were to be hidden and zealously guarded until the hour of the game.

That day was the sixth and last of a wet weather spell which always sets in about the time of the game, softening the campus into an oozy paste. The rain slanted down in relentless torrents and a thin vapor arose from the protesting earth. In the afternoon we all gathered on the campus in sweaters, old trousers, old shoes, and old hats; the Juniors and Middlers behind first base, and the other two classes behind third. A few minutes before the teams appeared these two formidable bodies fell hastily into ranks behind the two biggest men on each side; vociferous class cheers rent the air; and with a howling as of spirits condemned, they charged to the encounter. The shock of the onslaught was terrific. Lew Dalton and I, in the second rank, were for a moment jammed breathless against those in front. Footing was impossible in such mud; the next instant the two first ranks were down, and ours stormed

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

up over them to meet the enemy's second. But wriggling bodies were even less secure than mud, and two more brave files were tramped under by the surging onslaught from behind. Soon the diamond was hidden to view by a moraine of writhing human bodies, uttering short, smothered cries, and exuding clouds of steamy vapor. When each had had his fill of mud and bruises, as if by common consent, the hosts drew apart — sorry objects! — and pantingly resumed their positions.

The next moment the dressing-room door was flung open, and the two teams trotted briskly out upon the diamond. At the sight of our battery calmly preparing to “warm up,” cries of baffled rage went up from the enemy, which we answered with a roar of triumph. The pitching of the first ball was the signal for an interchange of uncanny missiles. Great baskets of eggs which had been allowed to ripen for over two weeks were produced on all sides; and a continuous volleying of these nasty embryos added to the scene an indescribable splendor, not to say color and —. Some were so old and hard that they would not break: I remember seeing one strike Lew Dalton full in the chest and bound off unbroken to the ground: many were caught and returned, and many that did break discharged ugly little miniature chickens: The stench and the nastiness of breaking eggs was terrific, but the inspiring cry was passed about on our side: “Think of Aunt Hattie’s and stay by the guns!” And we did.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

When one of our batters hit the ball, he had to run clean into the heart of the enemy to reach first. With arms before his face, he would brave the crashing eggs and overturned bucketfuls of mud, to slide oozily to the bag. There he would play off as far as possible. But when he gained third, he was in loyal territory and could enjoy the continuous mud bath with which we favored the third baseman. When the enemy were at bat, the order of course was reversed: they doused our first baseman, while we discharged the dregs of the poultry market against their runners as they slid to third.

Oh, what a scene! What a glorious return to primitive uncleanness, and what a soul-satisfying vent for that sneaking porkine instinct to wallow! Between each half inning we managed to work in another rush; and each successive one lowered us deeper into the mud and water.

At length everyone and everything (except the rain) was exhausted; and after two hours and a half, the game was called in the sixth inning on account of darkness. Home to their rooms then scattered some four hundred woebegone, mud-splashed, egg-marked boys, lured on by visions of shower baths and clean rough towels. And surely no charnel house after the battle could begin to vie with the basement of our cottage, where ten exhausted warriors were pulling spongy, steaming, sweaters over their matted locks. While we were

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

revelling in the showers, that noisome pile of raiment was scented by the janitor, who, with arrogant nose and a wheelbarrow, spirited them away, none knew where.

Verily there was a sound of splashing water throughout Andover that night; while the steam from a hundred tubs rose to the heavens like the smoke of a burning city.

III.

DR. BANCROFT'S DEATH.

“And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt and watchful more than ordinary men.”

Wordsworth.

SOON after our return in the fall, Dr. Bancroft was confined to his bed with illness; for the last time we had heard his inspiring, uplifting words in chapel. But this, of course, we did not then understand. And how should we?—we in the lustiness and vigor of youth, to whom the world seemed young, and death but a distant, unreal phantom! How could we realize that our great friend and guide, who had watched generations of boys pass gaily out, as we must soon do, into the larger world, was now himself standing upon that distant threshold at the sunset of life? Yet so it was. And on a certain Friday morning early in October, we were told that the good Doctor was no more. Then indeed we felt that the hand of death had been thrust somewhat rudely into our midst; we talked among ourselves, as we had not thought to do before, of his unvarying kindness, the noble inspiration of his counsel, and the unselfishness of his own life; we longed, many of us, to recall hasty words of criticism, irritating actions, rebellious thoughts; we told ourselves that his

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

memory should always live with us. Yet, ah! what would we not have given then, if we could have filed into his little office and grasped his hand once, silently and in turn, with grateful pressure, before losing him forever.

Seldom have I seen grief so general and so sincere. For days not only the school, but the entire village was in mourning; tributes from friends and alumni poured in from all parts of the country in loving profusion; and graduates from near states and distant, many of whom had been unable before to revisit the school, returned at this time to pay their last respects to the memory of the friend who had helped them by reproof and encouragement, and by example, to strive for manliness and nobility of character.

Dr. Bancroft's last earthly journey from his home to the church, and from there to the peaceful little graveyard, was a brief one. Of the bearers, chosen from the senior class, it was my privilege to make one. Not that it was a mark of distinction to be coveted (God forbid!) as school honors are coveted; but since it was too late to express to him my gratitude and love, it deeply affected me that I could personally take part in bearing so kind a helper, so true a friend, and so noble a gentleman to that final resting place from the labors of an unselfish life. The services at the church were touchingly simple. At the conclusion, and amid the deepest hush, a quartet from the school sang the Doctor's favorite hymn: "Lead, Kindly

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom"—a hymn which has since possessed for me an exquisite beauty from this very association.

At the grave, as Dr. Bancroft would himself have wished it, in love and admiration the good of his life was praised in the unaffected words of the heart. Then the coffin was gently lowered, while family, friends, colleagues, townspeople, scholars, and alumni, passing slowly by, laid in the open grave the last floral tokens of affection. Surely few men have so lived, in death!

To Dr. Bancroft's administration is mainly due the sturdy spirit of democracy for which Andover is famous. Under his guidance the school assumed its present proportions as the most distinctly *American* institution of its kind; a school where wealth, antecedents, and locality count for nothing; where a boy is judged for what he is and for what he does; where character and ability are the only passports to distinction. It is good to know that in this miniature republic the son of the eastern capitalist is, on the field and in recitation, shoulder to shoulder with the ranchman's son; that the petted bearer of a great name is on a footing of equality with the plucky orphan whose destiny is in his own hands; that distinctions of north and south, rich and poor, city and country, are here subordinate to the supreme test of intrinsic worth. In my senior classes I sat between a fellow whose income was practically unlimited and one who for more than five years had slaved

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

in the city to lay by money for his education. And yet we three — two extremes and the mean — were the best of friends; that a disparity of purse was any barrier to our intercourse and sympathies as men, never entered our heads; and with any one of us the consciousness of that disparity made for nothing but admiration that the others could be such good fellows *in spite* of it. Altogether, I believe that in all the world there is no place where wealth and name count less, and personal worth more, than at Andover.

IV.

THE ANDOVER VERSION.

“ . . . that combination of reverence for Andover's noble past, of love for the strong and beautiful present, and of hope for the splendid future.”
Old Phillipian Editorial.

UNLIKE the usual type of great schoolmaster who gathers up into his own personality, as it were, the tone, the prestige, and administration of his school, who is himself the school, Dr. Bancroft with quiet modesty had so infused his spirit into Phillips Academy that his death brought with it no sudden confusion, no critical period of disorganization. His many years of unselfish and whole-hearted labor had done everything to foster and develop that feeling of glorious independence, justified pride, and animate enthusiasm, which for want of a better term must be called Andover Spirit.

There is to-day hardly an institution in the country, be it school or college, which does not lay claim to its own particular and superior brand of “spirit,” kindled in the breasts of each succeeding generation, and fanned there by a deal of blustering interpretation. To interpret or define this emotion is a baffling undertaking. I have heard it attempted most inspiringly, and again rather

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

laughably, as for instance the famous definition of Yale Spirit:—“Jehovah and Jamaica: God and Ginger”—but I have no thoughts of attempting to scale the heights myself. If one would know something of the Andover version of this “spirit,” as it actually and consciously exists in the hearts of Andover fellows, he can do no better than consider the following extracts from *Phillipian* editorials which appeared during my first two weeks at Andover.

I.

“Old men, Seniors in particular, we must not come back to Andover this year, as so many little girls to a Sabbath school, content to pay our tuition at the beginning and to be graduated at the end—alpha and omega, with a little bit of study, a bit of cheering, and a trifle of banjo tumming in the between. We are but too apt to envelop ourselves in the windy glory of such terms as ‘school spirit,’ ‘class love,’ ‘Andover ambition,’ and ‘respect for tradition’—words which should be to our hands as swords and bucklers for the doing of great things—and, content with mere words, doze happily, as beneath quilts of down, under the impression that we are doing the whole duty of man. We might just as well expect to win a football game by standing still, as to expect a successful year to the credit of our school without taking thought, without every fellow’s doing his

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

best, and straining every nerve for each organization with which he may be connected."

II.

"There is no subject discussed by us school fellows, about which more utterly rotten bosh is talked and written than about school spirit. School spirit is not invariably consequent upon a week's continuous residence in the town of Andover, Essex County, Massachusetts; does not consist in knowing Andover cheers; is not always typified by extreme hoarseness after a football game; does not have its sanctuary necessarily in the bosom of an 'A' sweater. It is not like the measles; some fellows never have it, some never could have it; nor like the chills and fever which, once contracted, return periodically at short intervals. In the vicinity of your belt buckle you may be aware of your dinner; put your hand to the left of your breast bone and you can feel your heart beat; but you can't put your hand anywhere and be sure of apprehending school spirit.

"As Aaron, the high priest, might enter into the Holy of Holies upon but one day of the year, so only comparatively few times during a school year may a fellow hope to feel the highest degree of school spirit; that combination of reverence for Andover's noble past, of love for the strong and beautiful present, and of hope for the splendid future.

"On the day of the Exeter game, or during one of Dr. Bancroft's talks in chapel, or perhaps on

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

the night of a celebration — when all the hill rings with songs and cheering, and there is a band, and the faculty make speeches, and ‘Mac’ tells a story twenty-five years old, standing between the pillars of his porch while the smoke of the red fire goes up before his face like incense — then you may know what school spirit is at its strongest. You feel, stirring beneath your heart, something real; just as warm and tangible as what you felt for your mother when you bade her good-bye last month; just as actual as the things you think about your sweetheart before you fall asleep; just as true as the love you feel for your chum who puts his arm about your shoulders and says, ‘Come on, old man, let’s plug this Virgil. You read the trot and I’ll work the original.’

III.

“It is only natural perhaps for a fellow very soon after getting here, to come to the belief that Andover is the greatest school in the United States. . . . But he has to have been here at least a year to feel that — that — Oh, well, he doesn’t give a damn — that Andover is his school, as his mother is his, and he loves her; that the fellows are his fellows, even as his brothers are his; that Andover is Andover and ‘Andover was Andover when’ — when other institutions were in a state of canine immaturity, as the old song has it.”

IV.

“One morning in chapel last year we raised

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

seventeen hundred dollars for a new football field; and we won the Lawrenceville game; and in a noble fight we tied with Exeter. Such as these are the splendid things to remember; but perhaps the spirit is not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire. When a fellow expends as much mental energy over his ballot in an important school election as he does over the choice of a new pair of socks; when a manager chooses from among the candidates for his organization, those who are most capable in preference to those whom he may like the best; when an athlete religiously refuses to break training, that he may not endanger the school's chance of winning;—in these actions perhaps is the truest school spirit, the still, small voice that makes a glorious truth our boast that Andover is the greatest school in our great country."

I know of no better epitome of the Andover spirit than these spontaneous outbursts from undergraduate pens. Does anyone doubt their sincerity, let him ask any Andover boy of to-day, or of yesterday, and he will recognize in the reply, if not the same rather notable literary quality, certainly the same enthusiasm and loyalty. The remarkable thing to me about Andover was the absolute lack of any discontented element; I found no one secretly wishing he were at another school; and strange to say, even the fellows who were "fired" were notoriously loyal. This feeling I heard aptly explained in the statement of a promi-

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

nent educator, that "Boys go to most schools because their parents send them: they come to Andover because they want to."

But the matter cannot be thoroughly understood without passing reference to the founding of Phillips Academy; and in these days when preparatory schools are so often founded as business ventures, as one would build a factory, it is refreshing to call up the noble past. What Andover man does not know the story?—how Judge Phillips prevailed upon his wealthy uncle and his well-to-do father, both of whose fortunes he was to inherit, to devote those fortunes instead to laying the foundation of "a public free school or academy for the purpose of instructing youth, not only in . . . those sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to teach them *the great end and real business of living.*" Thus the beginning of the school was conceived and executed in a spirit of earnestness and self-denial.

"No such school was then known," writes Judge Phillips' biographer; and as the first of its kind, the academy attained instant success. Again and again its numbers doubled, till as early as 1797 we find enrolled students "from the New England States, the South, the West Indies, France, and other foreign countries;" and notwithstanding the exacting duties of office, President Washington finds opportunity for advising his nephew to send

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

his sons to Andover, and during their years of schooling sends them frequent remittances.

It was not surprising, then, that the healthy, untrammelled, democratic life at this great pioneer school should at once begin to fit men for leadership and distinction in the two great New England colleges of the day, Yale and Harvard; nor that the Andover boys should follow with the keenest pleasure the successes in the college world of their predecessors; nor, in spite of the larger field of college life, that those predecessors should always cherish the warmest love for their old school and the most active interest in her welfare. Now, as in my day, there is not an Andover graduate, in college or out, who does not hear with delight of the slightest victory for his school team, or of the smallest improvement in the school life; and there is not to-day, as there was not in my day, a boy at Andover who cannot tell off on his fingers the Andover men who are at this moment prominent at Yale or at Harvard, with their past records and future chances. This, I think, is the secret of Andover prestige: this succession of strong men and leaders in the college world has never been broken.

They are hero-worshippers at Andover — worshippers of the right sort. “Andover men in college,” says an old *Phillipian* editorial, “have always looked forward to the time when they could return to the ‘generous old school’ and receive the school’s hearty appreciation of their work

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

in college. And let us show them, as in the days of Murphy, Stearns, and Bliss, that the school's love and appreciation for them goes beyond Andover, and thus stimulate them to achieve something for the honor of the school and themselves." And a noble way the "generous old school" has of showing its appreciation! As I sit in chapel on the third morning after entering school, I see a middle-aged man with a greyish mustache coming up the stairs with the fellows. By the eager way in which he looks about the old chapel as soon as he is within the door, I know at once that he is a graduate. The fellow next to me has observed it too, and falls to clapping with all his might. Instantly all about him join in; and in a moment four hundred pairs of hands are echoing their loudest and heartiest welcome. At the sound the graduate's step quickens; his head is more erect; and a flush of pride comes to his face, as with a smile and moistened eyes he bows to these young men who have received unimpaired through the years the old traditions as he knew them and the never-dying spirit. And we new fellows, sitting for the third morning amid this host of strangers — do we not applaud with the rest? Do not our hearts thrill, too, with that great, electric enthusiasm, as this figure from the dim past is welcomed again to the old familiar place? Ah, then we feel for the first time that we begin to understand something of the Andover pride and loyalty; as long as we live we shall not forget that morning.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

This same honor was (and is) also accorded members of the athletic teams during their respective seasons, and to debaters and prize speakers on the morning of a contest. And so it was that I had not been ten days in school before I knew by sight the school heroes — before I had myself become a worshipper. But Andover hero-worship has nothing in it of subserviency; the man who tries to curry favor is despised; not by truckling to the great man were we new fellows encouraged to hope for similar greatness, but by striving to acquire those traits of character which had made the great man great.

In my first year Tom Bates, one of the most popular men in school, a member of the football team and manager of the baseball team, was commonly spoken of as “the cleanest minded man in school.” That phrase became almost a handle to his name; and no humble worshipper could be unaware of the vital secret of this hero’s greatness. He was one of my heroes; the other was an athlete and brilliant scholar whose manly dignity and gentleness earned him with us, the sobriquet of “Sir Walter.” Simple prominence I saw men attain by their own efforts; but unless their characters were such as to command the admiration of the school, they were relegated to that vague, but quite ordinary tribe of demigods who, despite superhuman attributes, are of the earth earthy, and continue to walk with men.

So exacting is this hero-worship, that a man once

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

dignified by it will leave school rather than demean himself in the eyes of his fellows; for the downfall of a hero is the most pitiable tragedy of school life. What was it, do you suppose, that nerved Markson, the baseball captain in my second year, to catch behind the bat for five innings of the Exeter game with a thumb so badly broken that the sickening white of the bone could be plainly seen from the bleachers? How did Kurtz, the football captain, have the courage to "fire" from the squad his best half-back and the idol of the school, because he wilfully cut practice one afternoon? What was it that prompted "Reddy" West, the star pitcher in my senior year, to stand up on his bench in chapel and brokenly confess to the entire school that he had betrayed his trust — that he had broken training? And again, in my senior year, when as temporary substitute for one of the instructors who was ill, the school had engaged a young college graduate who proved totally unable to maintain discipline, and whose life was thereby made so wretched that when one of the fellows bade him good-bye at Christmas time, he fairly burst into tears to think that anyone should have a kind word for him; when the faculty were at their wit's end to know how to replace him — what was it that instigated the leaders of our class to take the matter into their own hands, start a reactionary sentiment against the unseemly conduct, and inform Dr. Bancroft

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

that if the poor man were allowed to stay, there would be no further trouble?

From my own observation and experience I know that Andover is no place for the vegetable character — for the sluggish, cabbage-like youth who gently strikes root and knows no activity save that of taking nourishment; it is the place only for those who will toil and spin and some way play their parts. I still hear it said, “It is too free at Andover; the boys are not watched carefully enough.” Well, Andover *is* freer than many schools. There were no boys twelve and thirteen years old among us; we were not required to eat at the masters’ tables, and to wear dark suits and pumps at supper; our mail was not examined; lights did not go out at 9.30; we were not tucked in bed by the masters; and men who had achieved prominence at college were not paid twelve or fifteen hundred dollars to come from graduation with the college halo about them to “exert influence” on us — “influence squirters,” as they are jocularly known among their colleagues. In short there was not (nor is there now) any attempt to administer from without, a veneer of virtue; to make boys good by artificially cutting off from them every faintest opportunity to do wrong; and those of us who have watched the antics of the hot-house product when they reach the license of Freshman year, realize the wisdom of the Andover method.

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

I had not been long at Andover before I discovered that the Gospel of Labor obtained there in all its force, and that the busiest men led the cleanest lives. In spite of increasing rush of business, I saw that our cloven-footed friend the enemy, managed never to pass by an idle mind or an idle pair of hands; saw, too, that if, instead of setting his back to the wall and striving to repulse tempting advances, a boy would only hustle out into the busy arena of school activity, his character would look out for itself — old Cloven-Foot would find it hard work to buttonhole him, or even to slip a word into his ear.

The Andover spirit is sound and true, I believe, because, as in any healthy American community, public sentiment is on the right side. And to that public sentiment is entrusted the good name of the school. In my last year, while the old Commons were yet standing, the fellows who roomed there were left to the guidance of their own sense of right in the matter of obeying school regulations; for in Commons there were neither proctors nor landladies to enforce them. This responsibility they accepted in the same spirit in which it was conferred, and felt a genuine pride in living up to what was expected of them. But it happened that a wealthy fellow had taken advantage of this state of affairs to room in English Commons, in order that he might be free to be out as late at night as he wished. His actions came to the attention of his fellows, and a delegation

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

from the "Shakespearians" (a Commons organization for hazing the fresh and quelling the turbulent) waited upon the Registrar.

"Mr. S—," said they, "if a fellow rooming in Commons does so and so, should we be justified in asking him to leave school?"

"That is for you to decide," was the reply. "You are entirely free to act as you see fit in the matter."

The next day the same delegation called again to inform the Registrar that the fellow in question had left school. And when his father came storming up to know "what kind of a school this was, where a gang of boys could brow-beat one of their number and make him leave school," he was told that when a boy's own schoolmates turn upon him and force him to leave school, the faculty has no questions to ask.

As I bring this chapter to a close I am again, after many years, seated in my old room and looking out from the cottage window to where the Latin Commons once stood. It is vacation time, and the two fellows who now occupy the room are away. It looks much the same, save that I see evidences of neater habits than Lew Dalton and I could claim. How these school generations gallop by! On the door of the wood-closet where for years successive occupants have carved their names, mine is now much nearer the top of the

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

list than the middle; and moved by a sudden impulse of sentiment, I have just carved after the most recent name, April 1-3, 1907 — Ewer Struly, P. A. 189—. So I take a fresh start; but all too soon my new entry will be left far behind. I hope in this chapter that I have done some justice to the Andover Spirit. Those who are here, or have been here, can read between the lines; others — well, they must come here, too, to understand it. I feel now that I am better able to understand its vigor and beauty than when I was at school; but even with the advantages of broader experience and retrospection, I realize that an adequate description of it for others is a task far beyond my powers. Even now, I presume, the two fellows whose sanctum I have invaded, are struggling in the hopeless endeavor to explain to their families and friends the pure glory of being an Andover boy.

V.

FAREWELL TO ANDOVER.

*“For Lochabar no more, Lochabar no more,
We’ll maybe return to Lochabar no more.”*

Allan Ramsay.

My life at Andover had been a full one; and nothing, I think, more fully redounds to the glory of the school than that I did not once during the three years — nor did any of my acquaintance, so far as I know — look forward with anything like impatience or even desire, to college. So active, so satisfying was our life together that our horizon was actually bounded by graduation day. Beyond, all was vague, unknown; pleasant it might prove, but hardly, we thought, as much so as the present. At any rate, for us the present was the present — for the rest, who knew?

During my first year I had often nudged myself, as it were, for very joy. “Just think!” I used to say to myself; “next year you will be here, crossing this old campus and hurrying in to Aunt Hattie’s of a Sunday morning; not only next year, but the year after that.” Two years more of it! It seemed a long, blissful period, stretching away before me far as eye could reach, to that dim, uncertain horizon of graduation. But to that horizon steadily, without realizing it, I drew near. And

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

soon, all too soon, we were talking of the "last week." Each recitation from then on, was the last of its kind. The track meet and the Exeter game were already matters of history. Then came the last Sunday before baccalaureate, the last glee-club concert, the last issue of the *Phillipian*, the last morning in chapel, the last meeting of "X" — till one fine day we looked somewhat blankly into each other's faces, with the realization that we were no longer Andover boys. Yet even then we had no will to peer beyond that veil, so close to us now that we could touch it with our hands; with one accord we turned from it to look back over the path we had come.

Those last few days were like the golden fringe of some storied tapestry. Night after night we gathered before our cottage, to look freely into each other's hearts and to share openly each other's thoughts. Seldom we talked of the future; always of the bright, heroic past. Old friends were spoken of, old adventures recounted, old memories furbished up; — and all in the quiet of the warm summer evenings from whose cloudless skies the moon, with the gentle familiarity of seventy years, shone peacefully down upon the old Latin Commons.

Our graduation exercises were much like those of any school. We had our baccalaureate sermon, our class dinner, class exercises, and prize-speakings; we had our farewell songs, planted our ivy

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

vine, and strode proudly about with our sheepskins. For several days the old Mansion House was filled to overflowing with friends and relatives. Father and Mother were on hand to hear me deliver the class prophecy and to see me receive my diploma. On the evening of graduation we took dinner together at the Mansion House. The dining room looked much as it did three years ago, when Father and I spent our first evening in Andover. But how much had happened since then, and how differently I felt! Evidently the same thought had come to Father; for as we walked again along the old Elm Walk on the Theological campus, just before going to bed, he tightened his grasp on my arm.

“My boy,” said he, “I am thinking of all that must have happened in your life since we were last here together — trying to picture to myself what a glorious three years they must have been for you. You have no idea how fearfully, yet hopefully I thought, while I was trying to give you some good parting advice, of this day when I should receive you back from Andover. Changed I knew you would be — but how? I used to wonder. I shall never dare to tell you how many times during these years I have feared for you, although my confidence in you has always triumphed in the end. Now all that is over. You are changed, thank heaven! — for you needed change if ever a boy did. You have had temptations, I suppose — many of them — and you seem to have come through

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

the ordeal in good condition; so that for whatever reason I may be anxious on your account in the future, I shall never fear for your character."

The next morning I prevailed upon a gentleman of the village to box up my chattels for the slight consideration of three times what the labor was worth. But I was in no mood to count pennies. By noon my worldly possessions stood on the cottage porch awaiting the express wagon, while I, with grip packed, and the last chore done, leaned disconsolately against the mantle-piece and stared about the empty room, my heart sore with the tearing asunder of the many roots which had struck so lovingly into the place. Happy, genial Lew Dalton, pursued by a host of phantom troubles, had posted off early in the morning; the under-classmen who roomed above us had departed for the vacation a week ago; I had just waved good-bye to Johnny Case and Sammy Quinn; — in fact, I was alone in the old cottage. Deep stillness in a place but now echoing to the tread of lively feet is an oppressive thing, calling out all the deep yearnings of the heart, whetting that soul-hunger for happy companionship. Oh, how empty and dreary everything seemed! If only someone would come running up — what was that! Someone *did* come bounding upstairs, three steps at a time; the next moment the door was flung open.

"Yea, Happy!" yelled a well-known voice; and

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

in another second Joe Wessick and I were pummeling each other and tussling about the room for very joy. I had not seen him since his graduation the year before.

"Well, you're the same old cheese, aren't you?" he cried exultantly, after felling me with his favorite trick throw. "And you see, your uncle can lick you as easily as ever."

"Joe!" I gasped, not heeding his remark, "what are you here for?"

In an instant he was sobered. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, putting an arm over my shoulder: "and I want you to tell everyone you meet, who ever knew me here."

I promised.

"You never knew, did you, that I cribbed in the final exams for my diploma?"

"No, but —"

"—but I cribbed so much in daily recitations, that it was only to be expected? Yes, that's so, I suppose. But, Happy, I have come to realize lately what a low-down cuss I was about those things. I have changed since you last saw me. Do you know when the change came?"

"When?"

"The night I heard of Dr. Bancroft's death. I had gone up to my room after supper, to read the evening paper. Almost the first thing I saw was the notice of the Doctor's death. I don't understand it yet, but Happy, I broke down and cried. When I looked up, there hung my diploma — the diploma which had meant so much to my father

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

and mother, and which I had got by cheating. Well, sir, I yanked that thing out of its frame, rolled it up, and put it away. Yesterday morning my first year with the company was up and I applied at once for a few days' vacation. Two hours later I climbed aboard the train for Boston, and — well, here I am. I've been to the Registrar and returned the diploma, and I feel as though I'd got a ton's weight off my heart. But, oh Happy! if I could only have given it back to Dr. Bancroft, and told *him*."

I had loved Joe before; I could admire him now. And a happy, happy hour we had together in that bare, dismantled room. Then came the noise of cab-wheels outside.

"Joe —," I began.

"Don't say a word. I'm going with you."

Together we drove off past the old Latin Commons. Neither of us spoke, but each was trying to fix indelibly in his mind, as we passed, commons, cottages, campus, recitation buildings — the very ruts in the road. As the train pulled out, each craned his neck for a last glimpse of the buildings on the hill.

"Ballardvale! Ballardvale!" called the conductor as of old — the same conductor I reflected with something like envy, whose announcements I had so eagerly listened for, three years before.

Again we rattled on.

"Lowell Junction! change for Tewkesbury and Lowell! Do not leave any articles in the car!"

MY THREE YEARS AT ANDOVER

“Oh, Joe! Joe!” I exclaimed, unable to withhold myself longer. “In these three years I have never been homesick till now. I wonder if we shall ever be so happy again!”

“I don’t know,” replied Joe, somewhat sadly; “I doubt it. Last year I felt just as you do, and now it all comes back on me with double force. But you see, Andover is school and college both for me, and I know that my happiest days have been spent there. You oughtn’t to feel so badly: I have dropped out of the ranks and am working alone, but you will go to college with all the fellows and have friendships and fun for four years more.”

Ah, so I should! Poor Joe! Yes for me it was farewell only to Andover the place; the Andover spirit and my Andover friendship I should take with me to Yale.

And again we rattled on—away from Andover away from boyhood, and onward to manhood and the world.

THE END

